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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mohammed and the Atom

A YEAR or two ago it was somewhat defiantly asserted in this column that upon only one great issue could honest thinking today touch bottom and find ultimate ground of disagreement. Whether the machine age was to mechanize life, whether the geometric city was to dominate utterly the freehand curves of the country, whether industrialism was to extinguish what we used to mean by art—that was an issue which involved every book and picture, and, more nearly still, those modes of inner life which are the essence of civilization.

But the terms of consciousness change fast in the Renaissance of the twentieth century. As quick as the speed of mechanical improvement comes the mounting acceleration of mental change. We see the new models of airplane and automobile. We scarcely feel and seldom rationalize the new attitudes toward life implicit in new ideas already current but not yet given movement and direction.

Already it is clear that industrialism is a *fait accompli*, still to be gaped at, still to be feared, but only one more of those adjustments of man to nature (as J. S. Haldane puts it) which make new cultures but leave the mind still grappling with the old problems of happiness and self-expression pretty much as before. What we believe still determines what we are.

A scholar of the twenty-first century will not find it difficult to describe what we believe. He will generalize for us as we generalize for the Middle Ages, and draw Catholic, Jew, Christian Scientist, Protestant into one general materialism, where the most ardent professions of spirituality were cold beside an immense and general faith that the conquest of nature would give us the good and perfect life. He will see this Western civilization of ours as Continental Europe now sees America, a culture immensely interesting for its stupendous success in the economics and mechanics of living, and quite negligible otherwise. He will be no more wrong than our best scholars are wrong in their generalizations in classical and medieval history.

A fanatic belief in the atom has been the cause of our success. The atom has been our Mohammed, and with the measuring rod of science we have swept round the world. The atom has been God, though called by every name but his, and most often, Success.

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It has been a success with evident limitations. Religion has not shared it. Art has suffered by it, and for reasons which are so clear that they must be the basis of any system of criticism that, instead of sinking today in the past, endeavors to prepare the present for the future. We have lived by experiment, for experiment is the snare that catches the atom, and in experiment there is no first or last, no better or worse. It is the fly's excrement that gives the clue to the fly's diseases; it is the pathology of the body that reveals how it should work in health.

Transferred to art, and specifically to literary art, this atomic principle has made materialists of the writers who are supposed to be our leaders. The most talked of books (among critics) in the last ten years have come out of a laboratory. The men and women in them, the incidents chosen, the environments preferred, have been purposely taken from disease not from health, from the obscure not the familiar, from the subnormal and the abnormal in the physical sense, as if one should say, we know all there is to know of honor, self-control, nobility —and also of the strong villainies and real tragedies

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Theme for a Fugue

By R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON

DO not trouble to write me:
your letters will collect
in random houses I have left—
nor shall return to:

O city
cities—the place
worn ragged rumour of the place
ravelled on winds with smoke
and sparks—sparks to seed fire
breed a burst
a flared red gaud of fire
blared from dry tinder of my discontent:

Chicago Carthage London Rome
Paris and Athens and Peking—
O city cities lacking a name
or one fixed place of residence—
seeded of fire—bred of flame—
On the broad
dry land where dry dust rises columnwise on wind—
on sand that shifts the stark and wasted
spaces we shall build
huts, houses on avenue—
new altars wreathed
with vines
and incantations
twined in ascending smoke of myrtle
scented oak and pine:

O do not think to reach me
send me word
word sign or token or the words
we might have spoken—

I do not think I shall return.

This Week

"Weathergoose-Woo!"
Reviewed by MARISTAN CHAPMAN.

"Mrs. Eddy"
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Edison—His Life and Inventions"
Reviewed by WALTER A. CURRY.

"Some Famous Sailing Ships and Their Builder"
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE.

"Atmosphere of Love"
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"Singermann"
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"The Making of Literature"
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"The Cambridge History of the British Empire"
Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

John Mistletoe. II
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Le

Notes on an Anonymous Gen
By ARCHIBALD MCLEISH.

History and Culture

By CHARLES A. BEARD and MARY BEARD

THE history of a civilization, if intelligently conceived, may be an instrument of civilization. Working at life as a whole, as distinguished from a microscopic analysis by departments, it ought to come nearer than any partial history to the requirements of illumination. As long as the various divisions of history are kept separate, each must be incomplete and distorted; for, as Buckle says, the philosophy of any subject (that is, the truth of it), is not at its center but on the periphery where it impinges on all other sciences. Dealing with all the manifestations of the inner powers of a people, as well as the trappings of war and politics, the history of a civilization is essentially dynamic, suggesting capacities yet unexplored and hinting of emancipation from outward necessities. By the sharp questions it raises in every quarter it may give new direction to self-criticism and creative energy, aid in generating a richer "intellectual climate," and help in establishing the sovereignty of high plan, design, or ideal. Besides thus representing an effort at understanding a particular social drama in its many phases, the history of a civilization may symbolize a certain coming to maturity in that civilization itself. What adult with any claim to ripeness of spirit would admit belonging merely to one category of history—as warrior, politician, money-getter, novelist, sportsman, mortician, journalist, husband, wife, father, or mother—and aspiring to nothing more? When the dust of the earth became conscious of the dust, a transformation began to take place in the face of the earth.

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This is only another way of repeating Walter Pater's convincing argument that a concentration of interest is the condition precedent to the finest flowering of the arts, sciences, philosophies, and life itself "with all its powers of love and joy and admiration." To make a great age of enlightenment and elevation, "personalities, many-sided and concentrated" are necessary, and as long as artists, thinkers, and directors live in isolation, absorbed in specialties and indifferent to the main stream, they fall short of that universality that gives full stature to genius. If the past of a people is conceived of as a mere string of episodes on the level of village gossip or metropolitan society news, how then can complex and complete personalities be nourished and inspired? On what substance can they thrive? On the abstractions of an absolute philosophy? On borrowings from neighbors presumably superior? On what the Greeks and Romans thought worth while, though remote from the realities of the present age? On cornflakes, electric irons, and "values" verbalized in professorial studies?

Recognizing that even the "fine arts" must have roots in soil of some kind, a writer recently asked in one of our critical magazines whether it was desirable for painters to be intelligent. The question is highly pertinent to the theme under consideration here. And in at least one artistic circle the problem thus posed was discussed with light as well as heat. All the debaters who took part in the argument admitted that the mere copying of models never made an artist, that no copy was ever superior in essence the work of the original master. All likewise at, while a moron might be ingenious in ig of brush and color, no moron could painter. He must know "something" powers of discernment. What thing about the nature of the esented, about the goal to

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be attained in their portrayal. That much was readily conceded. And the general conclusion seemed to be that, given appreciation of older art forms and personal competence, the more a painter knows about the civilization in which he lives and works, its driving forces, its ruling orders, its ambitions, and its apparent future, the better equipped he is for the kind of artistic achievement that adds to civilization. And how can powers of discernment be sharpened? Scarcely by thrusting them into the fog. If the history of a people is a philosophy of the whole social organism in process of becoming, then it ought to furnish material with which discernment can be whetted. That is what Emerson must have had in mind when he advised Americans, in search of the full life, to stand fast where they are and work out their destiny in the place allotted to them by history for the fulfilment of their capacities.

* * *

If it is necessary for artists to know something what is to be said of the makers of beautiful letters and their critics? Can a great novelist chase heroes, villians, and heroines around the eternal triangle without possessing awareness of anything beyond the number three? Even the stoutest apostle of *heredity as the determining factor in genius* leaves a loophole for environment and the most cautious speculators in the biologic field suspect that heredity and environment are aspects of the same thing. In any case, separated they are meaningless. How then can the novelist ignore his own heritage and that of his characters and plots, at least if he fain would be great or hopes to be declared great by the verdict of mankind, beyond which there is no appeal? Can he draw with superb skill men and women belonging to a landed aristocracy, a bourgeoisie, or a proletariat without knowing about their origins, about the clashes, types, and modes of living prevalent within these several orders? Take feudalism out of Scott, Victorian poverty out of Dickens, modern urban misery out of Zola, and what would be left? Or at all events, what would be the significance of the vestiges? Is the Russian novelist of today writing in the same vein as the novelist of 1898? Will his successors in [illegible] rite in the manner of today? If not, why [illegible] Ve cannot escape the conclusion that with changes in civilization come changes in the nutriment which feeds writers and moralists, and in the materials with which they work. Then it follows that an ideal history of civilization would help to explain writers to themselves, audiences to audiences, actors to actors while disclosing the reciprocal relations of writers, audiences, and actors. The profounder, wider, and more realistic the history, the greater its services presumably to letters and criticism.

In this relation it is well to emphasize the fact that artists and writers live by patronage. It has always been so. The sculptors who carved the gates for the Pharaohs worked with respect to the desires, whims, ambitions, and concepts of power cherished by their patrons. Medieval artists worked for lords and ladies, merchants, and churchmen. Modern novelists also have to remember the market and literary arbiters. It is hardly thinkable that "Elmer Gantry" is purchased in large quantities by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Who then can and does long pursue that pure, chaste, unworldly thing called art for art's sake? Has the greatest art, plastic or verbal, flowed from its unrealities? By the history of a civilization showing patrons of the arts how they came to be what they are, a new environment might possibly be created for the arts, contributing to the conscious evolution of the civilization described and interpreted.

* * *

It must not be thought, however, that the history of a civilization is concerned primarily with arts and letters—the so-called cultural accomplishments—assuming that they could be separated without physical violence from the rest of the organism. It is true, there is a tradition to the effect that the makers of arts and letters must speak scornfully [illegible] trade and industry, as "material pursuit" [illegible] tinguished from "spiritual endeavo[illegible] way of reciprocity practical men [illegible] wont to speak of artists and [illegible] luxuries (frightfully near the [illegible] tolerated in the name of re[illegible] truth the plastic arts a[illegible] of practice, while m[illegible] not thrive in an intellectual and artistic desert. In the history of social philosophy there is nothing more interesting than the tardy recognition accorded to the fact that modern business enterprise rests upon the whole heritage of western civilization—its religious disciplines, its laws and morals, its crafts and skills, its sciences and arts, its tastes and aspirations. How, for example, could such enterprises operate without mathematics or design? Let a shrewd capitalist erect a factory in an African jungle and then look around for a competent labor supply and an appreciative market, suppose we say, for electrical appliances!

Business enterprise has been built upon a heritage of civilization and its directors are likely to be civilized just in proportion as they understand the history of their heritage without which they would be as economic infants. More than that. They are in their turn the makers of civilization as well as patrons of the arts. In some mysterious way thought and the materials of life evolve together.

One classic illustration of this is the invention of gunpowder which, at first blush, seems to have no relation to civilization—at least to civilization considered narrowly in terms of art and mind. But, as Buckle points out, gunpowder, with its accompanying engines, made necessary the development of competent specialists in military affairs and released a large proportion of the population of every country from the responsibility for fighting which fell upon all freemen when pikes and bows and arrows were the weapons of warfare.

> In this way immense bodies of men were gradually weaned from their old warlike habits and being, as it were, forced into civil life, their energies became available for the general purposes of society and for the cultivation of those arts of peace which had formerly been neglected. The result was that the European mind, instead of being, as heretofore, solely occupied either with war or theology, now struck out into a middle path, and created those great branches of knowledge to which modern civilization owes its origin.

Even if overstressed the point is real. Moreover gunpowder contributed to the downfall of the be-castled, be-walled, shut-off, and embattled feudal aristocracy and to the rise of modern urbanism with its world outlook and rich exfoliations. If a single matter of gunpowder could make such "contributions to civilization," what may be said of the possibilities of electricity in the hands of modern enterprise? Is it not possible that five centuries from now the beginnings of a new moral and intellectual order may be traced to the first whirling dynamo?

* * *

Arising from a complex cultural heritage and being itself a maker of culture, business enterprise cannot survive and develop with civilization. It is sometimes fancied that employers of labor desire only robots to attend their engines and wheels. In a system of very restricted production—such as some writers are fond of praising—production of quality for patricians, no doubt it would be possible for capitalism to succeed in a small way with its workers as cogs—assuming that a cog can follow a master design. But a system of mass production in great variety could never appear in a nation of pure robots; could not endure if perchance it were imported. A human robot needs only food and shelter. Designs, colors, shapes, and diversity of commodities are as naught to a cog. If, therefore, the modern capitalist is as materialistic, primitive, and indifferent to culture as he is often depicted, then by internal contradictions his order of society is doomed to dissolution. If, as claimed, some form of socialism, based on machine industry, lies beyond the present régime, it will certainly take a civilized people to operate it.

Besides being involved in the whole process of human evolution from top to bottom, in war and in peace, as bearer of the heritage and workers in the arts and sciences, women stand in a peculiar relation to the psychological centrum, the market, around which modern industry revolves, and to the periphery where it affects all culture. Although from Cæsar's day onward, strong men have denounced "[illegible] things which tend to effeminacy," [illegible] fact without those very things [illegible] more than caves and bar[illegible] walls in the wide world. [illegible] historically, women are now [illegible] oods, including letters and arts, [illegible] s limits the directors of busi[illegible] taste. According to recent esti[illegible] the United States pay taxes on [illegible] billion dollars of individual income annually, receive seventy per cent of the estates left by men, and sixty-four per cent of the estates left by women. In a burst of prophecy, one statistician tells us that, assuming the continuance of the present rate of transfer, all the property in the country will be in the hands of women by the year 2035!

What then becomes of the feminist dictum that a civilization can rise no higher than the status of its women? Whether this contention is true of societies founded on war and priestcraft, it certainly seems to be true of an industrial order—a system of mass production for diversified popular consumption. Leaving aside for the moment women's relations to arts and letters, it must be admitted that their power as the buyers of goods gives them a strategic position in the unfolding of modern civilization. Hence they too must be drawn into the main stream of history as thought.

So much for the constructive services which might be rendered by the history of a civilization. On the side of negation something also may be claimed. By its very nature this type of history is three dimensional, rather than two. Properly executed, it disposes of the idea that nations are moral personalities which have chosen a way of life out of the loftier wisdom or the lower perversity. It is equally ruinous to the conception of civilization as a kind of garment which wilful men and women insist on wearing out of ignorance or conceit, or can put on and off at their pleasure. It offers no tribute to chauvinistic vanities, interests, and intrigues and is a constant warning against the perils of treason to intelligence. Treating a given civilization as a growing organism, it is an antidote to two-dimensional surveys based on sights and sounds of wonderment and bewilderment. It bolsters no political grudges, national or international, in the guise of journalistic portraiture.

But we have attached a condition to all these generalizations—"if intelligently conceived and properly executed." The history of a civilization cannot be written by patching together constitutions, statutes, political speeches, newspaper items, private letters, memoirs, and diplomatic notes. The author of such a work must at the outset accept the theorem that "history is philosophy open at both ends" and in selection and construction must wrestle continually with that baffling proposition. The risks of error are staggering; the danger of folly is greater. But what is the alternative for those who are not content to treat life as an inorganic one-thing-after-another and history as a string of anecdotes? Perhaps those who try to find paths, even where there are none, stimulate path-finding if only by their mistakes. Those who build armatures for artists are not without their uses. To raise some kind of benchmark or point of assertion visible to adepts engrossed in specialties may aid in that process of drawing together out of which the history of all civilizations may arise, contributing powerfully to the enrichment of civilization.

As early as 1752 Voltaire made a plea for this type of history and sought to exemplify it in his work on France under the Grand Monarch. The very title of his book, "The Age of Louis XIV," was significant. He did not call it "The Marvelous and Miraculous Exploits of Louis XIV drawn from Authentick Accounts of His Life and Deeds" nor did he style it "Louis Quatorze: Ses Amours." In his preface he announced his intention to describe "not the actions of a single man, but the character of society." Military achievements Voltaire summarized; affairs of internal government were given due space; ecclesiastical matters were brought into the picture. But to the staples of old history were added commerce, finance, science, and the progress of the fine arts. In another volume of historical studies Voltaire explained: "I wish to write a history, not of wars, but of society; and to ascertain how people lived in the interior of their families and what were the arts they commonly cultivated. . . . I want to know what were the steps by which mankind passed from barbarism to civilization." Excellent as are the argument and the demonstration, writers attuned to tradition have shrunk from the test. When a novice, Henry Thomas Buckle, attempted to meet it, his melancholy failures were more widely celebrated than his notable achievements. Every such wreck added to the discouragements that beset historical explorers.

Yet, conceivably, it might be better to be wrecked on an express train bound to a destination than to molder in a freight car side-tracked in a well-fenced lumber yard.

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Folk Lore, Woo!

WEATHERGOOSE-WOO! By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARISTAN CHAPMAN
Author of "Homeland"

HERE, in seven legends of the southern mountains, we have a gorgeous array of goblins, spells, dark moons, and hants to add richness to our literature. The stories are told in an intense, but intelligible, dialect, and Mr. MacKaye's treatment of this earthy material has transformed it from mere backwoods jargon to the dignity of romantic folk lore. It is no more true to nature than an artist's composition is a natural landscape, but in each case the work becomes art through the conscious process of interpretation. For something has happened to Mr. MacKaye. From being a conscientious transcriber of quaint idioms he has, with this latest book, entered that field of art that is concerned with fixing for all time the poetic—and therefore the essential—truth.

Such sincerity of purpose has, in his former work, produced disproportion. Too conscientious in the matter of dialect and idiom, Mr. MacKaye produced pages that were little more than an accumulation of data. His chapters were packages into which he crammed as much folk speech as he could, seeming to consider that, if all were there, his purpose was attained, and forgetting that if less material were used he would have more space to display its charming patterns. His intensity of concentration was praiseworthy, but such exhaustive and microscopic perception necessarily precluded range. And Mr. MacKaye has so long seen the world in a grain of sand that he has been in danger of mistaking his grain for a Gibraltian monolith. His is the accuracy of conscious technique.

There is still some doubt as to whether Percy MacKaye is a literary antiquarian couching his findings in drama, or a dramatist seeking plots among folk lore; but "Weathergoose-Woo!" shows him definitely as a classicist who has chosen to work in romance. Because he is an accomplished technician, he can produce romance out of stark realism. No matter how amazing the tales he transcribes, there is no danger of his substituting fancy for knowledge in the rendition. He undertakes research with scientific solemnity. Notebook in hand, he gets his data from the mountain people direct, and transcribes faithfully—with the astounding result that instead of the expected realism we get romance. Transcription seemingly usurps all the functions of interpretation, yet the result is a record that transcends the wildest imaginings.

So much for craftmanship; but the second element of art—the human interest—eludes analysis. There is no analysis for the thing done. All comment must necessarily be impressionistic, and hence valueless as criticism. So the relieved reviewer resigns analysis with the simple statement that "Weathergoose-Woo!" is good reading for those who would know how Bildad the Shuhite got losted from out Book Ginesis and took to keeping the moon-ball lighted; and for those who have yet to hear the legend of the The British Lady (that some they calls red-bird); and for those who would follow the footprints of the Cherubim.

The meticulous critic might complain that Percy MacKaye makes books rather than writes them, and with all the technical equipment of the artist he yet lacks the awareness of the inner spirit. He made a lot of notes and sowed them in literary soil, and most of them grew up into plays. His study of the people and their language is over-impressionistic, and he has more force of achievement than delicacy of vision. And here, in "Weathergoose-Woo!" there comes the subtle and well-nigh perfect "Me Hitself" to refute the foregoing statement. It is disconcerting to the reviewer, but authors must be permitted their glorious exceptions, and it remains true that in the greater part of Percy MacKaye's work there is an evocation of atmosphere bordering on the artificial. It would be unfair, however, to dwell on the extravagances without recognizing the constructive aim behind the work. This artificiality is precisely the effect the author wishes, for his conventions are those of the stage and not those of the printed word. His dramatic sense is so strong that he stresses the picturesque rather than the pictorial. He is synthetic rather than analytical, and in his need to keep his characters true to type he pays scant attention to their idiosyncrasies, but this is not to be counted a fault when we recall that his purpose is avowedly romantic,—i. e., to preserve in its essence the quality of a people so rapidly passing away.

Percy Mackaye is a dramatist with an acute sense for vivid scenes unforgettably drawn. Whatever *genres* this versatile author undertakes, the trail of the theater is over them all. Therefore we must accept the conditions of the art, just as we accept their three-walled rooms of theater scenes without criticizing the architecture. The vivid coloring of MacKaye's folk plays is deliberate heightening, as legitimate as lighting effects on the stage, and as necessary to the desired illusion as the make-up on the actors' faces. It is more there than is. Just as there is no possible woodland grove so grovey as the two-dimensional backdrops and wings of the theater.

The stories of "Weathergoose-Woo!" are so intensely local as to have the quality of universality. They are raw material of human lore dramatically rendered. They compel *einfühlung*. They have the mysterious lure of the White Lady's riddling answer in "The Monastery":

> Neither substance quite nor shadow,
> Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
> Dancing by the haunted spring,
> Riding on the whirlwind's wing.

But may all dryads forfend that readers be quickened to come and discover the source of these eldritch tales!

Illustration for "Weathergoose-Woo!" by Arvia MacKaye

Mohammed and the Atom

(*Continued from page* 101)

of mankind—but of the weak, the mentally crippled, the perverted, and the clearly useless, we are still ignorant. Literature has gone slumming with the sociologists, and brought back data for a library in which observation is keen and sound thinking, strong imagination, beauty largely absent.

This is literary materialism. And it will be rudely shaken when the new ideas now current begin to work upon the imagination of the next generation. For if matter is only an aspect of reality as the physicists assert (and the great philosophers have always maintained), then atomism can be only a working hypothesis; good where things are concerned, but a most dangerous guide to the study of human nature. A complete confidence that the external world is exactly what it seems is essential to the literary artist who believes that a weak fool is as good a subject as Hamlet or Tess of the D'Urbervilles. His obsessed interest in a syphilitic drunkard or a silly stenographer afraid of childbirth or a dull moron blundering into vice, is based, though he may not know it, upon a conviction that life is absolutely determined by physics and chemistry, and that, as in those sciences, a stench or a squeak may contain the secret of the whole.

The great issue today in art therefore is not industrialism, which indeed may give art wings, but the central philosophy of the artist himself. If he stays materialist, he may be useful, but can scarcely reflect more than the imagination of an age which seeking the atom in its courses believed it could explain, control, and utterly enjoy the world. As materialism begins to totter, and the signs are already evident for those not afraid to read, his art will become mere craftsmanship. Already Joyce, Proust, Dreiser, and Heinrich Mann begin to seem old-fashioned.

A Virginal Mind

MRS. EDDY. The Biography of a Virginal Mind. By EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE world has waited long for an impartial biography of Mary Baker Eddy. Her followers, confusing, after the manner of followers, their creed with their leader, have been content to produce such thin apologia as that by Miss Sibyl Wilbur. The enemies of Christian Science equally intent upon polemic, have resorted to such hard satire as that of Woodbridge Riley. The will to understand has been notoriously absent. If a partial exception should be made in favor of the work of Georgine Milmine, it still remains true that that work was a piece of good journalism rather than a critical biography. But a critical biography is just what Mr. Dakin has produced—one would be tempted to say a definitive biography were it not for the certainty that further documents in the case still remain veiled. All accessible sources, however, seem to have been examined by the author, and to have been weighed judiciously. The result is biography which fairly fulfils the Shakespearian monition—"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

Mr. Dakin is entirely free, in the first place, from any tendency to belittle his subject. The obvious opportunities for cheap ridicule are quietly disdained, and the obvious opportunities for moralizing are ignored. The shadow of greatness lies across his pages. He understands that he is dealing with one of the most remarkable women of modern times, and that his task is to make her credible, not to criticize her. Likewise he understands that if she was unique it was only by virtue of the damonic power behind qualities that are almost universal.

> Now it is because Mary Baker Eddy was a woman with an impassioned urge for life and self-expression throbbing in her veins, and not a passive figurine, that she has any possible human significance. It is because of this that hers was a gorgeous adventure—gorgeous no matter what the beginning and what the end. What if she was indeed a soul obsessed? Few who have become instruments for great ideas were ever less. What if she was indeed ignorant, distraught, fearful—lustful of power and glory—tortured by self and the universe—eager for wealth and grandeur? What if she made mad mystery out of ignorance, inspiration out of dread?
>
> The streets of the whole world are thronged by those who are her kin.

* * *

The key to Mr. Dakin's interpretation lies in his sub-title. By a "virginal mind" he means one that has never learned to distinguish between wish-fulfilment and reality. Mrs. Eddy, he believes, lived in two almost completely separate realms—the dream world "wherein her philosophy was completely valid" and the physical world in which she could only make it appear valid by forgetting it. Her distinction lay in the amazing ardor with which she lived each of her two lives—creating and vitalizing an unbelievable creed, regardless of consistency and logic, to satisfy her introvert desires—and on the other hand, in achieving her extrovert yearnings for wealth and power, showing a practical energy, unscrupulousness, and mastery of detail that a Mussolini well might envy. In such a study psychoanalysis inevitably comes to the fore, and Mr. Dakin uses it plausibly. Mrs. Eddy's hysteria, morbid sex antagonism—shown strikingly in her early belief in the possibilities of immaculate conception, repudiated when one of her disciples produced a child by this alleged means—and her inordinate fondness for rather weak young men about her, are all traced easily to a suppressed and ever more highly complicated sex urge. If more were known about her early days it might be possible similarly to find the root of her life-long dread of enemies, which took form in the celebrated doctrine of "malicious animal magnetism," wisely sidetracked by the church in these latter days, but, as Mr. Dakin convincingly shows, fundamental in Mrs. Eddy's philosophy and attitude toward life.

In fact, it is as a victim of the demon within her and as a victor over the supposed demons without that Mrs. Eddy appears in these pages. There are many points of similarity to that other contemporary religious leader, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. They were alike in their constant and agonizing ill health, in their outbursts of anger, in their instability, their utter ingratitudes, their tendency to dramatize their own lives, their will to dominate all about them,

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and their courage in the face of danger and defeat. Far enough from a saint, Mrs. Eddy emerges finally as an indomitable hero. Mr. Dakin's last chapter "The Twilight of God" gives a poignant account of her wintry warfare at the end. Quite unforgettable are the pictures of the beldam-queen of eighty-five, half-deaf, toothless, desperately ill, emaciated but masked in rouge and powder, rising to greet the newspaper men who came to spy upon her helplessness, or tottering to her carriage to make good the lie that she went driving every day, or forcing her wandering wits to meet the sharp attacks of quizzing alienists. And one is for her, not for her enemies, at last. One respects the arrant denyer of fact, striving to realize superhuman power, rather than the scandal-mongering lovers of fact, content in their littleness. One rejoices that the old lioness died uncaged.

A Successful Life

EDISON—His Life and Inventions. By FRANK LEWIS DYER and THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by WALTER A. CURRY
Columbia University

MEASURING success by the amount of worthwhile and valuable accomplishment which accrues to an individual during his life time, this biography of Edison forces one to the conclusion that he, without doubt, represents one of the most successful men of modern times. Particularly when one views the influence of his accomplishments on our present-day civilization is one convinced that these accomplishments represent far more than an individual triumph; his developments have had a profound effect on the mode of living of millions of people spread over the whole earth.

It is an accepted fact that the material progress of the world during the last fifty years has largely been predicated upon and influenced by the advances accomplished in all branches of engineering during this interval. Engineering applications are increasing today at such a rate that the present has been referred to as "the machine age" and fears have been expressed that men will in the distant future become so "mechanized" that life will lose its present charm of individual uncertainty and possible attainment. However, no one can deny that as yet the advantages derived have far outweighed the disadvantages, so that today the average physical drudgery performed by an individual during a lifetime is probably only a fraction of what it was a half century ago. In this revision of our living conditions, the inventions of Edison have played a conspicuous part.

The advances in electrical engineering have been of a particularly valuable nature, primarily in the fields of intelligence and power transmission, and in both fields Edison has played a prominent part. It is scarcely to be doubted that our modern civilization, in a large measure, rests upon the ease with which individuals may communicate with one another (almost independent of their relative positions on the earth) and the ease with which they may obtain power for performing a required task. In these advances, and in many others, the name of Edison has stood out. The man and his achievements have been the cornerstone of a mode of living, the average daily comforts of which were the unknown luxuries of fifty years ago. The electric light, the phonograph, and the motion picture are typical illustrations.

After a brief record of Edison's early life and youth, this biography records, in a series of chapters, the various major developments which Edison initiated and successfully terminated. The developments read like one episode after another in a tale of fascinating adventure, and once the reader has begun, he finds it hard to stop. Edison himself discusses many salient features throughout the book, so that the work may almost be termed a "semi-autobiography." The unassuming simplicity and charm with which Edison discusses the various problems which arose, coupled with a most astounding memory for facts, adds greatly to the pleasure and value of the record for the reader. Throughout these autobiographic discussions, the Edison humor persists in cropping out, sometimes in the most unexpected manner.

Later chapters deal with miscellaneous inventions, a discussion of Edison's method, and a description of the laboratories. Edison's aggressiveness and courage are amply demonstrated by his reactions under trying situations. Thus, when confronted with the fact that there were no factories able or willing to make required machine parts, he said: "If there are no factories to make my inventions, I will build the factories myself." And he did! His personal courage is attested to by the many narrow escapes he has had in the course of his experimentation, only to return after each such escape and carry the study to a conclusion. Regarding his social side, that the man is unorthodox and unconventional in some respects cannot be denied, but he is not "unsocial," as the biographers amply demonstrate. His intense enthusiasm for and interest in experimentation simply preclude his taking part, to any great extent, in the more social activities of life.

The biography concludes with a brief discussion of Edison's war-time activities, followed by an appendix in which are described, with considerable technical detail, a number of his more important inventions. These accounts only serve to accentuate an impression previously gained, namely that his results were obtained in no "hit-or-miss" fashion but were derived from a rare combination of technical foresight and sound reasoning based on known fundamentals. The chapter on war-work, while brief, serves to emphasize the tremendous range of Edison's activities, forty-two different problems being investigated and reported upon to the government. His remarkable ability to concentrate upon a project and carry it to a successful conclusion in record time is witnessed by his planning and constructing a benzol plant in forty-five days, as compared with the nine to ten months period normally required.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the work renders a fascinating account of a life devoted to high, systematic endeavor in scientific experimentation. Probably it holds a major interest and stimulation for any who are engaged in technical fields of endeavor, but the easy narrative style in which the biographers have presented the story, gives the book a universal appeal.

A Master Shipbuilder

SOME FAMOUS SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR BUILDER, DONALD McKAY. By RICHARD C. McKAY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

MY library shelves devoted to the literature of the sea, in particular, those concerned with the history of the sailing ship, are fast filling up. The great days of sail are in a fair way of being fully documented in this year of grace when steam-trained sailors are looking skyward for a sight of new competitors, the aeroplane and the airship, in the business of ocean travel. My shelves? First, Hakluyt's "Voyages" (I have stowed the redundant Purchas away among the miscellanea), then Iindsay, flank a fairly extensive array of books that includes Captain Clark's "The Clipper Ship Era," publications of the Marine Society, Bowen's paragraphic (but none the less interesting) volumes on the sea, a long battalion of Keble Chatterton's researches, Basil Lubbock's five sturdy works on the clippers and the packets. Well worthy of a place alongside such standard books is this handsome volume by Donald McKay, the latest contribution to the lore of the sea.

Born in 1810, McKay could not have employed his genius at a more opportune period. At the time of his maturity, steam propulsion had emerged from faltering stages and the prestige of the lofty sailing ship was being keenly challenged. To offset periods of calms and light winds on a passage the great clippers of the day had need to step lively when wind blew to keep time with the steady beat of the steam paddlers. And few sailing ships other than those of McKay's building could step the pace. What spur urged him to devote his energies and his genius towards the perfection of the wood and composite sailing ship at a date when such keenly prophetic vision as his must have discerned the ultimate triumph of steam? Perhaps some dour strain of his rugged Highland ancestry persisted: devotion to a creation of surpassing beauty was no mean conservation anyway. Before his passing away (in 1880) he would know his beloved clippers as obsolete craft, but—in the knowledge that the underbody shipform designed and perfected had no small part in the success of steamship rivals—he could rest assured that his work was good.

In this book, the author (a grandson of the famous shipbuilder) has compiled a clear and sympathetic biography of Donald McKay and he is to be complimented upon establishing a memorial as enduring perhaps as the monument that is in project at Boston may prove. The master shipbuilder's early days are sufficiently explored, his apprenticeship to "the art, trade, and mystery of a ship carpenter" is set forth. (In this connection, it is interesting for one who has himself served under Indentures to note that young McKay bound himself "not to haunt ale-houses, taverns, dance-houses, or playhouses." In the British Sea Service the phrase was, and still is—if I am rightly informed—"nor to frequent taverns or ale-houses *except upon his master's business*." The italics are my own.) The stages of subordinate employment are traced, working days, with the eager and industrious apprentice girding at the bonds that held his creative spirit in leash. Then freedom, or comparative freedom at the best—for then, as to-day, the sea was considered a dangerous proving ground for bold ideas—and McKay, in 1842, set afloat the *Courier*, of 380 tons, "which was really McKay's first production as a designer and builder of ships." With what intense feeling would he note the lift of her when she left the launching ways, with what satisfaction the record of her early voyaging. Captain Charles Porter Low served in her as a young seaman.

> After being ashore four weeks I longed for the sea again and about the middle of January I shipped on board the *Courier*, Captain Wolfe, for Rio de Janeiro. The *Courier* was a small ship of about three hundred and fifty tons, very fast, and a beautiful sea boat, but after being on board the *Toronto* it seemed child's play to handle her royal and topgallant sails. . . . We left Sandy Hook with cold weather and a fresh westerly wind which, the second day out, increased to a heavy gale with a snowstorm. The ship, under three close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail ran before it, and she did beautifully. . . . We had a very short passage of thirty-eight days.

From the *Courier* to the clipper ship *Lightning!* In a little more than a decade, McKay had outstripped all competitors and stood, unquestionably, as the greatest sailing shipbuilder in the world. Trying years, testing years! His creations were no hesitant empirical essays, but bold seaworthy vessels in which the seamen of the day found fast but safe employ.

To crown a work of great merit, Mr. James A. Farrell has been induced to write a Foreword. It is singularly appropriate that Mr. Farrell, the owner of what will probably be the last full-rigged ship of American registry, should have found time to expand upon a subject that obviously lies close to his heart. I should imagine that he sought inspiration for his restrained and careful essay on the master shipbuilder by contemplation of his own fine collection of ship models which, together with his books, is doubtless the influence that keeps him sane in the solid business of manufacturing and vending the products of the Steel Corporation. Perhaps, in his enthusiasm for the clippers he is making *pax* with the reflection that iron and steel overcame McKay's noble efforts to extend the gallant days of sail.

As though it were not enough to place upon the market an attractive biography of one who strove to gain prestige on the seas for the flag of his adoption, the publishers "makk siccar" by including in the sixty illustrations, eight color reproductions of paintings by such widely known marine artists as Charles R. Patterson, Fred S. Cozzens, Anton Fischer, and Warren Sheppard. All lovers of ships and the sea—and this seaman expresses pleased surprise at that growing multitude—and all admirers of a life of grim determination in face of prejudice and apathy, will welcome this fine book.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Some Like Them Cold

ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by JOSEPH COLLINS. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

IF Maurois quit writing biography it would be a serious loss; but readers of "Atmosphere of Love" (the French title was "Climats") may feel that it will be a waste of time if he writes anything but novels hereafter. He has the Tolstoyan gift of making his characters not only more interesting but more real than living people, so that while you read it the book is life, and what goes on around you unsubstantial fiction. Disraeli lived and so did Shelley; but not even in Maurois's biographies do they live again so completely and convincingly as the figures in this history, at once ludicrous and tragic, of a one-woman man.

Philippe Marcenat came of a wealthy provincial industrial family, upright, undemonstrative, and stodgy. The boy who grew up in that atmosphere developed a passion for self-surrender, not to an idea (the Marcenats had all ideas classified and ticketed) but to a person—an ideal woman who should command his heart and him. When he met Odile Malet, she seemed that ideal incarnate. The first half of the novel is his story of his marriage with Odile, written years after their divorce and her death for the edification of Isabelle de Cheverny, whom he was about to invite to become the second Mme. Marcenat. She ought to have been warned, but who ever is? The rest of the book is her story of her marriage with Philippe, who never was and never could be seriously in love with any living woman, only with the complex of emotions that had crystallized about his first wife.

Odile had made him acutely miserable. Her passion for him soon burned out; capricious and irresponsible, she was the worst of wives for a man who at bottom was the serious-minded bourgeois. He was driven insanely jealous, even before she gave him real ground, by her Levantine inability to discriminate between fact and fantasy. Maddened by her "disdain of exactitude," he did everything, said everything, that he knew he should not have done; the disaster that parted them was inevitable. After the war he met Isabelle, whose talent for abject devotion matched his own; but while she was devoted to him, he was still devoted to his concept of Odile. Isabelle gave him the passionate love he had always longed for, and it bored him; because she was in love, she made all the mistakes with him that he had made with Odile. She saw at last that she could hold him if she made him jealous, but that was not her way.

* * *

Odile had made him jealous, Odile had cared little about him; and living or dead, the *belle dame sans merci* had him in thrall. He always defended her hotly; he judged other women by what they thought of Odile. His emotion had crystallized around Isabelle when she wore white, Odile's favorite color; wearied by her possessiveness, he fell in love with another woman because she wore white, because she had some of Odile's mannerisms, because she was not in love with him. Once he deceived Odile, but only after he was morally certain of her infidelity; and then he did it in the gosh-how-I-hate-it mood, and could get no farther away from her than her best friend who seemed to him almost part of Odile. Not even the Mildred episode in "Of Human Bondage" is so penetrating and revolting a picture of a man utterly, hopelessly, and permanently in love—a figure loathsome, pathetic, and ridiculous.

Philippe and Isabelle might both have been happier— he especially, with his incurable habit of idealizing women—if they had remembered Merrick's observation that we fall in love, not with a woman, but with a mental concept which her appearance for some reason suggests. Philippe, however, would probably have called that analysis superficial; "we love people," he concludes, "because they possess some mysterious essence which is lacking in our formula to make us a stable chemical compound." Isabelle, after trying to live with him, pushed the research a little farther. "If you are truly in love you should not attach too much importance to the doing of the people you are in love with. We need them; they alone can make us live in a certain atmosphere, a climate, which we cannot do without."

Young people might find this informative, even if they never put it into practical use; and their elders may be interested in Marcenat's discovery that a man who is educating a woman never knows when he is working for another man's benefit. "The minds of women are made up of the successive sediments deposited by the men they have loved, just as the tastes of men preserve the confused and superimposed images of the women who have crossed their lives." When Philippe talked seriously, Odile was bored and forgot all he told her; but when she fell in love with François de Crozant, "my modest knowledge was brought back to life to astonish another man with the masculine clarity of a woman's mind." Years later, when Philippe, married to Isabelle, had fallen in love with Solange Villier, he passed on to Solange ideas he had got via Odile from François, and passed on to Isabelle ideas which Solange, who was only playing with him, had got from her lover. You must go back to Stendhal to find so painstaking an analysis of the causes and the workings of love and jealousy; but Maurois has digested Stendhal as Einstein digested Newton, and gone beyond him. The scientific training of a biographer seems to be a pretty good training for the work of the novelist.

That is the book that Maurois wrote. It must be said that Dr. Collins's translation is often astonishingly at variance with the original, in detail; but it preserves the substance.

The Immigrant on Trek

SINGERMANN. By MYRON BRINIG. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THERE is substance to this novel by Myron Brinig, the first incidentally, to come from the new publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart. It can be taken apart, looked into and analyzed without danger of its dissolving under the investigator's hands. Current American novels have a way of following so narrowly, however intensely, only some one selected aspect of life that they leave, appropriately enough, only a single, at best very vivid, impression. They must be accepted or rejected as a whole because they are so nearly devoid of parts. Into the midst of these ultra-modern, skeletal novels Mr. Brinig has launched a fleshy volume. The bony structure of "Singermann" exists surely enough but it is decently, even pleasantly, covered with flesh and muscle and fat. "Singermann" is no book to be read at a single sitting. It is long and it is detailed; it tells the story of many people and it tells more than their stories. But over and above these accounts of individuals, it tells the story of a movement, a phase of Americana, which has not before found its way into our literature.

The immigrant who settles in New York has not lacked his chronicler and the farmers of the Middle West of foreign birth have interested several novelists, but the European who on reaching America is caught in that strange, regular, pulsing movement towards the west has pushed his way on without record. Mr. Brinig's novel takes up specifically only one family in its trek towards the Pacific, but he has in some inexplicable manner caught the feeling of these migratory waves at the tide source. The Singermann family settles and prospers a little in one place, as do so astonishingly many such families, only to pick up their accumulations and move on to succeed a little somewhere else. These people, both the Singermanns and their counterparts, are not natural birds of passage, they are not moved by the usual *wanderlust*, at each halt they establish homes, they produce families, and they remain in one place for many years at a time. But, coming from families in Europe who have spent generations in one locality, the initial journey is perhaps such an astonishing discovery of man's perambulatory nature that it must occasionally be put to the test for complete acceptance.

As a novel, "Singermann" presents a threefold aspect. In the reading, one is fairly engrossed in the story as such. There is a constant forward movement in the telling that carries over the technical device of treating each member of the family separately in a separate section of the book. It may be Rachel or David or Louis who is the nominal subject at the moment but in every case the whole family comes too, so that it is always Singermanns as well as Singermann of whom one reads. The individuals stand out the more sharply as a result of the omnipresent consanguineous background. Then when the book is finished its epic quality becomes apparent. Mr. Brinig has designed his book on the heroic scale, and the result justifies his temerity. The novel sprawls as America sprawls, but it is quick with life, too, as America is. Its larger significance lies in its paradoxical affinity with and aloofness from the conglomerate admixture that is America.

The third aspect of the novel reaches one later still. It is the peculiarly haunting quality of separate scenes. Who will soon forget the opening picture of the circumcision ceremony for the baby Michael with Mary O'Brien in the kitchen roasting meats, mashing potatoes, and pouring wine from casks into bottles, and Rabbi Lachter in the parlor walking to and fro and snapping fireworks of prayer from out his flaming beard, and the unwelcome memory that intrudes of Joseph's *Bris* when the officiating Rabbi was a little drunk and used a rusty blade? Or Silver Bow, Montana, on Saturday nights when the ladies from "Down the Line" were hard put to it to keep up with trade, when spielers walked and partol wagons rushed through garish lighted streets and Jews denied the Sabbath to pull reluctant customers into their shops, when mechanical pianos played "In the Good Old Summer Time," and Rabbi Lachter slit the necks of chickens that their impurity might drain with their blood away? Or the family picnics on Sunday in Minneapolis? Or the day Joseph and Daisy opened their store and offered Father Singermann ten dollars for his help during the rush? Or all the other scenes that isolate themselves in their bounded completeness?

Farrar & Rinehart, whose first publication this is, have made their bow with an excellent book.

The Art of Literature

THE MAKING OF LITERATURE. By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

SOME six to ten years ago Professor Scott-James was lecturing in London University on the principles of criticism, and discovered that there was a lack of text books of the subject as he conceived it. There was much on the philosophy of esthetics; something on the psychology of esthetic experience (Mr. I. A. Richards's "Principles of Literay Criticism" has since appeared) and Professor Saintsbuoy's "History of Criticism," which provided examples, however, rather than principles. But Professor Scott-James had in mind neither philosophy nor psychology, but the evolution of certain ideas about the art of literature, their genesis and progress in the minds of certain writers at crucial periods. Ultimately he had in mind the standards, demands, and questions ofthe twentieth century, and what concurrent opinions, drawn from recurrent experience, there might be on any of these questions. He found the main problems recurring with amazing persistence.

The Homeric conception of art appears in two passages; one in the Odyssey, which says that the poet is "one who has the power to make the heart glad"; and one in the Iliad, which says that the maker of the shield of Achilles had made gold look black in order to represent ploughed land, and that "this was the miracle of his craft." Now, it is among Professor Scott-James's ultimate conclusions, after traversing the ages, that the purpose of every fine art is to give pleasure, and that it does so by to a certain extent creating an illusion. The tragedy you are following on the stage gives you pleasure, because it is both something less than reality, and something more. If the mirror held up to nature rendered the exact image, it would not give this pleasure. In the words of Coleridge, "If there be any likeness to nature without any check of difference, the result is disgusting." Art is something less and something more.

The Greek critics found most worth discussing are Plato, Aristotle, and Longinus. Aristotle puts action or plot or theme foremost; and so does Professor Scott-James. Aristotle sees in poetry a matter for reasonable rule and prescription, whereas Plato and Longinus see an element of unprescribable ecstasy; the essential of the classic-romantic issue seems to be there. Not that the Greek said all there was to say about art; the literature he knew was very limited both in quantity and kind; but so far as he saw, he saw clearly.

Between Longinus and Dante, some twelve hundred years, there is little in the way of literary criticism of any significance. The medieval Dante was a classicis in theory, and like Aristotle put the theme first and foremost. To him "poetry and the lan-

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guage proper for it are an elaborate and painful toil," quite the opposite of the romanticist view held by Wordsworth, that poetry is "the spontaneous overflow," *i. e.*, the same as Longinus's ecstasy or possession. In the matter of poetic language and careful discipline Longinus and Dante were both classicists.

Ben Jonson was no pedant, though he fought against the unruly romanticism of his time, and helped the reverse movement which led to neo-classical pedantry. He agreed that "that is worse which proceeds from want than that which riots in plenty." He adored Shakespeare, but thought he missed out by lack of self-criticism and restraint. Jonson preached decorum in an atmosphere of riot, gave maxims of proportion and propriety to a school of profusion. His opinion runs with Dante, not Wordsworth, in the matter of spontaneous utterance. Learn first to write well until custom makes it a habit. The beautiful is hard to attain. Shakespeare seems to have irritated him by attaining it too easily. Jonson was a critic who demanded standards, and a poet who knew the divinity of genius.

Something the same is true of Dryden, who is far more profitable to study than Boileau. It is extraordinary to what extent Dryden and Coleridge, by looking beyond and beneath the fashions of their times, come to be fundamentally in agreement. Lessing marked the difference between plastic art and literature, that the one moves in space and the other in time. Goethe and Coleridge went through, in many respects, a similar intellectual experience. Each started as a young romantic, absorbed in his own sensations and disgusted with French circumscribed standards; in later life each reached much the same goal of opinion on the evil of purely subjective art, and the better ideal of detachment and disinterestedness. "The artist is one who sees, understands, recreates, and shows," says Professor Scott-James, carefully selecting his epithets. "Here we have the reason why even so great a writer as Dostoievsky, when he is drawing on his own vivid personal experience, often creates painful impressions without the beauty that belongs to tragedy; while Turgeniev evokes the beautiful from all that he touches." But it is quite possible to feel that Professor Scott-James's illustration throws a backward doubt on the theory. Dostoievsky's power may have something to do with his subjectiveness, and Turgeniev's relatively less power may have something to do with his detachment.

Matthew Arnold's critical doctrines run on the same general lines with Aristotle, Goethe, and Coleridge; but his critical appreciation was interfused, if not confused, with those ideals of moral excellence, which carried Ruskin altogether off the track. So would Professor Scott-James explain Arnold's selection of Milton's

> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome,

as an example of supreme silencing lines. The choice seems more ethical than esthetic. In a similar way, Sainte-Beuve's method and doctrine of the *milieu* was admirable in his supple hands, and afterward in the hard logic of Taine was run into the ground.

* * *

Professor Scott-James does not pretend to give an epitome of critical opinion, nor is this review an epitome of Professor Scott-James. His book is a rich selection of the ideas of many and many-sided men, who cannot be accurately classified under group titles. From Longinus to Pater there is a residuum of agreement to the effect that careless inspiration is slovenly and inspirationless form an empty husk; that an age which is always talking about correctness and grows bitter over mixed metaphors or inaccurate similes, is probably drying up; and that an age whose poets are all for the expression of the personal entity and its swelling emotions has not yet found itself. They all say, in effect, that the theory of realism unmodified is wrong. There are many points, beside these, of authoritative agreement, which Professor Scott-James very lucidly explains. One feels that the principles of the art of literature from the mouths of great critics is a safer path to follow than the philosophy, or psychology, of esthetics.

But just as one doubts if Coleridge or Croce is any the better critic for being a philosopher, so one does not feel any great sense of finality in Professor Scott-James's residuum of critical statute. If Aristotle said that "tragedy will not tolerate the brutal spectacle of a virtuous man brought, through no fault of his own, from prosperity to adversity," what did he make of the *Œdipus*, which was exactly that spectacle? Nor can we quite follow Professor Scott-James to his carefully deduced conclusion, that the real aim of art being to please, it is inartistic not to have that as the real aim, or to have some other real aim, such as turning us into Conservatives or Liberals. "It may be good propaganda, and may be praised as such; but truth requires that we should point out the simple fact, that artistically it is defective." The ground is very hollow under this. The sermons of Bossuet and the speeches of Burke are propaganda; so are the Dialogues of Plato for that matter, and Dante's "Divine Comedy," the tragedies of Euripides, and the Book of Job. An *arrière pensée* of propaganda is not necessarily a defect, nor is it insincere to put charm in front of it. In Milton's "Lycidas" the tone deepens where propaganda comes through the pastoral convention, and the extent of Milton's personal grief for King is doubtful; but this only leads us to suspect that "insincere" and "inartistic" are the wrong words, and we are getting confused. I suspect that "pleasure" is another "wrong word." If one is looking for a simple fact, one might select this: that the art of literature cannot be tied down fast to any such tests or principles. Professor Scott-James thinks the opening scenes of "Hamlet" inartistic, as showing "a form of insincerity, a betrayal of his (Shakespeare's) real sense of fact, a yielding, at his producers' demand, to what they believed the public wanted, an atmosphere of crude portent and vulgar terror." I have always thought the opening scene in Hamlet an example of consummate artistry, and must continue to think so. Whether Shakespeare believed in ghosts or not, has nothing to do with it. He was after ghostliness, the strained, tense feeling,—and he got it. He was probably his own "producer," and there are examples enough of his yielding to the "groundlings"; but I cannot see what except the pedantry of principle could have led Professor Scott-James to this example.

It is sometimes said of Sainte-Beuve that his biographical interest led him to an extensive interest in second rate values. It is less of an accusation than a reminder that literature is a world of humanity as well as an art with a technique. There is joy in heaven that at least one of the great critics has cared more for the human companionship of books than for testing them by the ten tables of the law, or even for determining what the law is.

Nevertheless "The Making of Literature" is a far more stimulating volume than this review has implied.

British History

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Edited by J. Holland Rose, A. P. Newton, and E. A. Benians. Vol. I. The Old Empire, from the Beginnings to 1783. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929.

Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott
Harvard University

THE publication of coöperative histories seems to have become not only definitely assumed by the members of Cambridge University, but begins to partake of the character of industrial mass-production in their capable hands. We have had its beginnings with the "Cambridge Modern History"; and Lord Acton seems to have gauged the situation with a nicety. For that initial production was followed—though at a considerable distance of time—by the "Cambridge Ancient History," the "Cambridge History of Literature," and now by the same method applied to the British Empire. It is an interesting development; for it implies not merely a group of scholars competent to treat such subjects, but, what is at least as important, a group of readers, or at least users, to support the enterprise.

In the present case it seems not improbable that this enterprise may possibly appeal to an even wider audience than its predecessors. It is to be hoped that it will; for such a work was greatly needed. There have been plenty of histories of the British Empire and of its component parts; but most of them have been done, as it were, on the surface. Few have taken the time and pains and scholarly patience to do the necessary spade-work which is the unescapable drudgery of such history if it is to last. In fact the real reason why we have had no really adequate history of the British Empire is that we have not had as yet that mass of monographs upon which such a history could be based, and without which the task was too great for any individual, however great his talents and however untiring his industry.

This work is, then, a step in the right direction. It is not, and it could not be, for obvious reasons, either the final step, nor one which takes us within sight of the end of the road; for before that road assumes its proper form there is yet much to be done in laying it out, in assembling the materials from which it must be made, grading, levelling, and constructing it. And even the group of capable scholars here representing what is, in effect, almost a new field of study, would not pretend that their work was more than the beginning of one of the greatest tasks confronting English-speaking scholars. Some generations hence, when the universities of Canada and Australia, of South Africa and the United States, have completed some hundreds of thousands of doctoral dissertations, monographs, documentary publications, biographies, and atlases, we shall have material for another such work as this of more definitive character.

* * *

But meanwhile there can be little but praise for this enterprise. It not merely brings together a great mass of information already more or less known; it adds an extraordinary amount of new information. And, more than any amount of mere information, it offers a new point of approach to a great historical problem. It is probably not too much to say that it will inaugurate a new school of historical writing, and inspire another great advance in knowledge, which has already been too long delayed. Moreover, to one reader at least, it has a great advantage over some of its predecessors. It is, almost invariably, well written and interesting; and one may not often assume that of coöperative works of such scope. It is, like them, rather on the encyclopedic side; but there is a dawning suspicion even among the compilers of encyclopedias that they need not be as dull as many of them have been; and of this the present work is a striking example.

It is, no doubt inevitably, written chiefly by Englishmen; but here again the nature of the work involves the necessity of enlisting scholars outside of England; and one of the notable things about this book is that, almost alone of the works with which one is familiar, account is taken of American scholarship. That, under the circumstances, was perhaps inevitable; but the enlistment of men like Professor Andrews and the late Professor Alvord brings into the bibliography a mass of contributions which might otherwise have been overlooked. For however the movies and the works of Mr. Sinclair Lewis may have penetrated the British consciousness, the welcome to more serious productions from this side of the water has not always been so cordial. The late Professor G. B. Adams was a shining example of the exceptions to this rule; and it may be hoped, among other things resulting from such a series as this, that the new world may be called into existence to redress the balance of the old in more ways than one.

* * *

It is perhaps too soon to assess the value and the scope of an eight volume work of which only the first volume is at hand; but it is obvious from even this first volume that it will be both valuable and widely inclusive. But what of the scholarly detail in such a vast enterprise? In large measure that is guaranteed by the names of the contributors. If one may hazard a suggestion in such an important matter it has occurred to the reviewer that in certain cases it might have been as well to submit the chapters relating to particular districts to scholars resident there or those personally acquainted with local peculiarities. Not that there appear any glaring errors of mis-statement, but one feels from time to time that the author is not fully aware of certain peculiarities, and his account, therefore, reads rather like that of a stranger than that of a "native." It may be that this is not possible; it may even seem to the editors quite undesirable; but to a layman in a distant land it seems neither the one nor the other.

Yet even this seems an ungracious reflection on so great and so important a work as this, which promises to be not only the most inclusive and authoritative of its kind which has as yet appeared, but one which for its interest as well as its value must be a welcome addition to libraries throughout the English-speaking world.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe

II.

CHIEF necessity for the artist is "imaginative dominion over experience," wrote Pearsall Smith in one of his porcelain essays—that same Pearsall Smith whom Mistletoe always proudly alludes to as a fellow-Haverfordian. Truly only the greatest intuitions, at the full flex of their power, can dominate the spin of private experience as the lumberman foots the twirling log; can steer and drive it home to some perfect niche of art. But perhaps to be brought up from first beginnings in ligature with a settled institution may at least tend toward some drowsy awareness of stability. In that childish kosmos there were many subconscious intimations of a mood one can only describe as piety, by which one means a sense of respect. There was Old Caleb, for instance, the superannuated college factotum. He still performed easy tasks about the grounds, carried up the mail bag from the post-office or drove the baggage wagon. To see that venerable figure moving about the lawn on a cane or sitting as still as Buddha under a tree, respected by all and even addressing the president of the college as "Isaac," was to receive some inkling of the dignity of age and the continuity of human effort. So also the extraordinary beauty of old Quaker ladies seen in "First Day Meeting," lovely as pigeons in their grey bonnets, was a thrill to every nerve of admiration. There were never lovelier faces or kinder hearts. Something in that guileless way of life kept the soft color of youth on those radiant features, and surely no costume was ever so perfect to set off woman's tender charm. Must Mistletoe confess that not until many years later, in the Tarara Boomdeay chorus of the Black Crook (irreverently garbed in Quaker grey) did he find quite the same aesthetic thrill? To watch those countenances in meeting was irresistible. Perhaps they were sometimes devoid of anything legitimately describable as thought, but they were rapt in a demure harmony of innocent benediction.

What a purely delicious selfishness there is in trying to recapture the lucid impressionism of childhood, which was untainted by any of the sophistications of morality or judgment. And how strange it would be to walk, now, through the little wood of chestnut trees, over the bridge, and up the Meeting House lane. It would best be done quite alone, for there is no game more celestially solitary than the hide and seek we play with the child we remember. At least three ingredients of reminiscence would be the alarming white bull dog at the gate just over the bridge, an almost equally disturbing small schoolmate with very liquid brown eyes, and a rambling tramp smitten by a soft apple thrown with good aim—and then wildly fled from. Perhaps it was that path through the woods, strewn in those days with chestnut burrs, that suggested young Mistletoe's first venture in fiction. It was called The Story of a Woodcutter. Whether written by native ambition or at the insistence of teachers no one can now say; but he was called upon to read it aloud, chapter by chapter, in the classroom; a task faced with a mingling of pride and shame such as still occasionally recurs.

It is curious, Mistletoe here bids me interpolate, with what instinctive wariness one treads the rustling path of memory, not to scare up any irreparable secrets—either one's own or those of others. The task I set myself in deciphering the Mistletoe palimpsest requires a difficult double fidelity: fidelity to his own imagination, and equal fidelity to what reason recognizes as fact. Maturity, alas, is so often a parliamentary affair: there are parties and cabals in the mind, majorities and committees and rarely any chairman astute enough to manage the session conclusively. Childhood is more easily unanimous.

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When I say that that place, that green and healthy world, gave one a sense of peace, I mean of course that I now perceive it was so. Peace is a condition not often apprehended while it exists. And a sense of peace is not by any means the whole of life. There are some who cannot carry too much peace at a time without growing morbid. One who has been, now for quite a few years, deeply infected with the wild beauty and lunacy of New York and her terrific creative spell, is perhaps an imperfect judge of quietness. I think however that that is said largely for manners: Mistletoe believes himself a connoisseur of silence, for which he has, on occasion, an exceptional capacity. The notion I pursue is that it is not easy to work out a differential calculus of what is really important. There are instants when some casual line from Matthew Arnold or Keats will outweigh battleships or look taller than 42nd Street. We carry, as at present, both new and old money in pocket simultaneously; who is to say which is the more legal tender? Anyone who has watched children knows how in a flash of gesture or expression they often unconsciously suggest whole vistas of feeling; through the low archway of the moment you see deep landscapes of life. I saw it twice by chance this morning: a child's maternal tenderness as she removed from her small pet dog a muzzle that was irking him; and again another child carrying to safety a terrified infant rabbit the dogs had chivied up in the woods. Or a remark when one of the dogs was at the vet's for inoculation during a neighborhood rabies alarm—"Will Frisky be back for his birthday? He never spent a night away from home before, except the two nights he ran away."

In these millennial moments the hour is dazzled round with prism light. It is such moments we pursue, and which the greater part of the time we must be too polite to mention. Happiness is always embarrassing; sometimes gravely annoying to other people.

Peace is not by any means the whole. The joy and justification of the modern spectacle is its furious high voltage. Is there no comedian divine enough to exhibit the bewildering agility of man? Let red-tapesters contrive it as they may and festoon the earth with rigmarole, the dreamer is too subtle for them. The tremulous instancy of his own bliss drives him, his bliss that can shake him like sickness. He lives on stony soil and thrives there; a lacklustre citizen, perhaps, but he has glorious conniptions of his own. Will none admit such irradiance of fire? Perhaps life has outrun print, for the larger part of our writing seems so pale or so sultry. It impends but does not break. In that wisest phrase of Coventry Patmore, it squanders the capital of passion instead of living on the interest. "If I believe in immortality," said Mistletoe once (he always found much antiseptic in *If*) "it's because there must somewhere be time to sit down and laugh." But he knew well enough that there are many things too beautiful for laughter.

The life of any fugitive worth pursuing must be partly a pathological memoir, a dissertation in lunacy. When a mind escapes from prison the big siren yells, and the hunt is on.

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In the old wing of the Haverford Library there was a little gallery, reached by an iron ladder. It was rarely visited, used for the storage of an antique collection of classical and theological texts annotated in German, and some thousands of legal volumes in scaling and exhalatory calf. Behind the bookcases, on the outer side of the building, high up by the tops of the tall windows, ran a dusty little passage, somewhat tremulous underfoot and carpeted with rough cocoanut matting. In the days when the undergraduate literary societies turned over their private collections to the college library, certain volumes of juvenile fiction, esteemed too frivolous for general circulation, were sequestered in a remote corner of that gallery. Very likely some of them are still there, as they have been for fifty or sixty years. They contain the neat bookplates of those vanished sodalities the Haverford Athenæum and the Loganian Society—this latter with its excellent motto *Lectio sine stilo somnium*. Across these bookplates you will sometimes find written the ominous legend *Rejected, A. C. T.*, those being the initials of Professor Allen Thomas, a man of delightfully definite opinions, loving curator of the library through many years and never known otherwise than as "Uncle Allen." There, safe from visit except by some occasional bearded scholar of Assyrian or Coptic, these innocent scandals lurked on the bottom shelf, obedient to the doctrine that a Quaker library had no truck with fiction.

But perhaps, in his mellowing years, Uncle Allen softened toward these books, mostly by Captain Mayne Reid; in fact I imagine he must have enjoyed them himself in tender youth. He was a man quite gnomelike in aspect and his quick flitting among the alcoves was awe-inspiring to urchins. At any rate when Mistletoe was perhaps eight years old Uncle Allen, with an air of much mystery, piloted him up the iron ladder, introduced him to the enchanting concealed pathway round the gallery, and then under pledge of secrecy, where the bottom shelf looked out on the old greenhouse arch, disclosed the cache of tattered volumes.

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That, I think, was Mistletoe's fullest introduction to the joys of secret reading. Its nearest competition was hearing the *Jungle Book* read aloud when it first appeared in 1894, and being given a paper-bound piracy of *Treasure Island* to read when in bed with an ear-ache, a hot baked onion crackling and stewing under his cheek. (*Treasure Island* still smells faintly of onions in his mind.)

The delights of Mayne Reid's *Plant Hunters, Cliff Climbers, Bush Boy*, etc., read sprawled out on the floor of that illicit gallery, will not be forgotten. Long long afterward, meeting someone from the Transvaal, Mistletoe was able to please himself by creditable allusions to outspanning and voortrekkers and springbok. All Mayne Reid. The small adventurer would steal alone into the old romantic wing of the Library, catching a permissive spark from Uncle Allen's eye. He would climb the ladder, half afraid of some veto, and creep along the creaking runway, peeping down through the slatted floor at the students reading below. Then there was the open end of the gallery, at the bottom of the room, above the fireplace. This, not to attract comment, must be gingerly crossed on tiptoe. Then, just round the corner, in a haze of dust and book-smell, were the outcast juvenilia. They had to be read in situ, they could not be taken away. So they were read as books are best read in youth, prone on the floor. The reader can still recall the rough prickly feel of the cocoanut matting; and Uncle Allen's little pun about the gallery being young Mistletoe's Mayne Reiding Room.

Ten years later, as an undergraduate, he sometimes used to work in that library, accessioning books, as a way of earning pocket money. You may be sure he revisited that corner of the gallery, and some of the old Mayne Reids were still there. Uncle Allen, when reminded of their history, graciously insisted on his taking three of them as a souvenir. Here, as he writes, is THE PLANT HUNTERS, or Adventures Among the Himalaya Mountains, by Captain Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1858. The word *Rejected* is writ large on the bookplate, but it will not be rejected from Mistletoe's library as long as we have a shelf to stand upon. And does it not seem an odd coincidence that when Mistletoe became interested in the ancient Foundry in Hoboken there were found in the attic of that abandoned machine shop a large collection of old books; and among them several stalwart Mayne Reids?

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Two plays, supposed to be the work of Shakespeare, are to be printed for the first time in the autumn. Their titles are "Sir John Oldcastle" and "Henry IV." Dr. E. W. Lummis, who is editing them, is said to have the support of several eminent Shakespearean scholars.

"The constant services of eight experts for a period of at least ten to twelve years; the compilation of some 160,000 columns of entries, 20 entries to each column, in 165 volumes of 500 pages; a systematic survey of the printed books of the world in every language but the Oriental—that, in brief, is the vast undertaking behind the British Museum's plan to issue a new edition of its famous General Catalogue of Printed Books," says the London *Observer*.

"We have been induced to undertake the work partly because of requests from America," Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, Keeper of the Printed Books, stated. "Over there new libraries are springing up almost every day, and they constantly need an up-to-date catalogue for reference, and to enable them to identify any rare book which comes into their hands. With early books, publisher and authorship are not always apparent, and often one can only ascertain them by reference to the catalogue. The present catalogue, which was published between 1880 and 1900, has now, in some cases, two pages of accessions to the original column!"

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Books of Special Interest

Vital Mechanisms

THE THINKING MACHINE. By C. JUDSON HERRICK. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1929.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

IT was important that a book of this type should be written, and it is fortunate that it has been done so well. It may be said to be the biologist's version of psychology. It proposes as the solution of that persistent controversy between mechanism and vitalism, the redefinition of mechanism. Man is a machine, and thinking is a mechanism, but a very different type of mechanism from that which makes a river corrode its banks, or a flower turn toward the sun, or a cock crow, or a dog howl at the moon; and again from the man-made mechanisms, from mouse-traps to radio. There is no contradiction in using the phrase vital mechanisms. They are all natural mechanisms, as nature made them.

A survey of nature's many mechanisms fixes the plan of relation between structure and function; biological mechanisms show how living machines are built and how they work, down to every minute detail of their organic service. The psychological mechanisms are of the same order, though far more complex; they represent higher stages in the gradients of evolution. There is no more hesitation in speaking of the organs of consciousness than of the organs of digestion. Consciousness likewise arises from lower orders of awareness, and the subconscious functions are as intimately parts of the natural integration as the simple form of sensitiveness and the complicated issues in the spiritual life. "The evidence so far available seems to indicate that as soon as the cortical mechanism begins to function in a child the spiritual life is born. It is created anew in every growing babe." Human nature is but the highest form of natural evolution; it is subject to constant change by its own self-direction, which in the light of psychology can be done intelligently instead of haphazardly. The story of mind in the making and of the body in the making is one.

Whatever one's reaction to the philosophical issue underlying this position, the value of the contribution remains. Here is a clear-cut, interesting account of the varieties of natural mechanisms set forth in a lucid, logical array. Whether that is all there is to it or not, there certainly is an essential mechanism underlying such varied procedures as the simpler reflexes, as emotion, as instinctive responses, as learning, as the thinking processes, as voluntary control; and whatever our final conclusions as to the differentiations in grade and pattern of such responses, the mechanical aspects must be understood. And it isn't enough to recognize that we have brains and that without the spinal cord the brain would be useless in some respects, and both so without the muscles in other respects, but we must be intimately informed in regard to the minutely adaptive nature, the finer organization, from glands to cortex, by which we have our spiritual being. It is the wealth of detail that makes the story intriguing and gives it the precision of science, even though the gaps are as conspicuous as the established connections.

But there will be no psychological peace-conference because Professor Herrick has written a conciliatory book. The extreme behaviorist will be as rampant as before. He will insist that by recognizing consciousness Professor Herrick has left in the mystery which he insists he has removed. Professor Herrick will reply that the behaviorist is merely confusing the simplest patterns of mechanism with the whole of which it is a part. Others will add that analogies are not realities; and things are not made alike by giving them the same name. Yet the movement of emergent evolution will find many supporters, who believe that the depressing and limiting effects of the older concept of mechanism has lost its sting. We emerge into the controversial issue of values. Does life under the one interpretation contain and sustain as adequate a set of values as under the other? Is one justified in subjecting value to truth? Professor Herrick is convinced that no values are lowered by understanding the truth of their foundations. We shall continue to think as well and as nobly, if not more so, when acknowledging the reality of the thinking machine within us.

Eternal Rome

POPE OR MUSSOLINI. By JOHN HEARLEY. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON

FEW political gestures of late have excited as much international comment and discussion as the recent alliance of the Pope and Mussolini, and Mr. Hearley's book, coming as the first American study of this new relationship and its influence upon world affairs, deserves more than casual consideration. Here again, with the signing of the three-fold Convention in the Lateran Palace, which involved a Treaty, a Concordat, and a financial stipulation, we have Church and State united in open organization and array. This union, which we had once looked upon as medieval, and which we thought could never be renewed, is achieved in our own day without furious protest or revolt. Is this because no one takes the union seriously? Or is it because too few understand its real significance in world events?

Mr. Hearley, who is well known for his numerous articles on Italian affairs, and who was one-time United States Government official at Rome and an American newspaper correspondent in Italy, is convinced that the absence of vigorous protest on the part of the various nations of the world as well as of the Italian people as a whole is due to ignorance of the actual consequences of this alliance between Church and State. He has written this book in an attempt to point out the disastrous effects that will eventually grow out of this alliance. With patient and exacting detail he has shown the part the Papacy has played in Italian affairs previous to this threefold Convention, the pledge that the Italian government, before it entered the World War, demanded of its allies in reference to keeping the Pope and the Roman Question out of the Peace Conference, and then the gradual change of attitude that has occurred under the rule of the Duce. While his analysis is overburdened with quotations, many of these quotations in their contrasts cover an enormous area of the whole conflict. Over a year ago, for instance, as Mr. Hearley shows, the Pope called Mussolini "a limb of Satan," while to-day he calls him "a man of God," and avers that he "was sent by Providence." Mussolini, on the other hand, who to-day maintains that he is a Roman Catholic, not many years ago, by way of defiance of religion, declared that "if within five minutes God does not strike me down, I have demonstrated to you that God does not exist." In the chapters on The Peace-Making Pope and Mussolini the Savior, these contrasts in the history of the two men are vividly amplified. The Pope and the Duce are analyzed in terms of personality as well as attainment.

One of the most interesting aspects of the whole situation is its reflection upon the American scene. Whichever way American Catholics may react to the situation arising from the new relations between the Church and State, Mr. Hearley contends, will result in the creation of difficulties that can end only in disaster. While Mr. Hearley fails to reach certain radical conclusions which are implicit in his thesis, and lets his study decline somewhat toward the end, his book raises once again, in the light of contemporary events, those questions which have busied and will continue to busy diplomats and governments for years. In addition, he has provided in his numerous quotations, —so numerous in places, alas, as to cloy the text,—a source-book of materials that in many instances will be of value to the future historian. Unfortunately, his tendency to excessive quotation robs his book of a certain force that otherwise it could have obtained. Nevertheless, while "Pope or Mussolini" does not pretend to be more than a journalistic study of the situation, its very timeliness and interrogational challenge makes of it, as the first book of this type since the Concordat, a volume of international interest.

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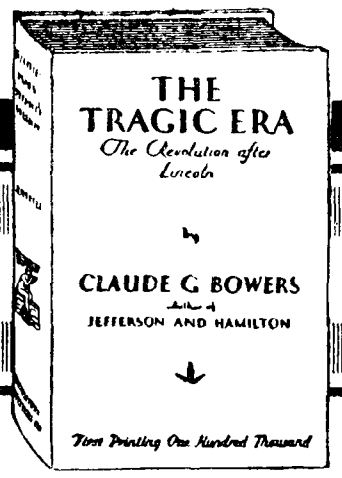

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—from "Blind Geronimo and His Brother" [page 150]

"Why did he send for me? Had she confessed? Why is he staring at me like that? Why am I sitting here at Molde on a verandah with a Pierrot? Can it be all a dream after all? Perhaps I am still asleep in Klare's arms . . ."

—from "The Fate of the Baron" [page 31]

"Then she became a model and walked on at a small theatre. The things she told us about the Director! . . . Then she fell in with a medical student . . . and she often came to fetch him from the dissecting-room . . . or more often stayed with him there . . ."

—from "The Greek Dancing-Girl" [page 71]

"Has Irene forgotten that she wanted to call Wilhelmine a murderess to her face? . . . And is Wilhelmine still aware that I am her lover, though I have called upon her in the middle of the night with a strange woman?"

—from "Dead Gabriel" [page 212]

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"This collection of fifty-five poems covers the history of Mr. Cowley's mind in the last ten years. Like all of his writing, it is beautifully finished, and as poetry it is of an order very rare in the American scene: Mr. Cowley not only has a specific talent for poetry, he is a highly trained man of letters, and his verse is a fine example of the discipline of craftmanship that few Americans achieve." Allen Tate, *The New Republic.*

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"'Blue Juniata' is important not only because it gives us the assembled verse of a new and definitely interesting poet, but because it sets itself up as a self-confessed logbook of literary youth in America during the ten years which followed the war and which came just after the first fruits of our modern literary revival had been harvested. *The Nation.* $2.00

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East 46th Street New York, N. Y.

A Letter From London

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THE air is always tense at a "world's first performance" of a Shaw play, as those can testify who were permitted to watch the Theatre Guild's curtain go up on Sunday nights before "Saint Joan" and "Back to Methuselah" were given to the world. There was something about the first English production of "The Apple Cart," however, that suggested an act of public worship rather than a theatrical event. It took place on Sunday—a day taken more seriously in London than in New York—and opened the Shaw Festival at Malvern, taking place simultaneously with the Canterbury Festival in the Cathedral of the Martyrdom at the other end of England. The hundred or more dramatic critics transported in a body from London for the occasion found that like a proper pilgrimage it involved long distance and protracted effort. Even with a non-stop special train, Great Malvern is three good hours from London, and to reach it in time for luncheon means an early morning start, always a pull in England and on Sunday a convulsion of nature. But the hours are in truth good. You pass and repass the silver flash of the upper Thames, then the spires of Oxford, then rolling meadows, gray cottages banked with flowers, thatched sheepfolds, little rivers overflowing the grass and banked with bushy Bewick trees. Beyond Evesham is a world of orchards and pleached alleys of hop-vine, where the air is heavy with apples. All at once the ground rises sharply and something back of your brain begins to repeat

On a May morning in Malvern Hill
I was weary of wand'ring . . .

You may indeed lay by your wanderstaff; you have reached the shrine of Saint Bernard.

I had meant to make this three-hour journey like a proper pilgrim, if not on my own feet at least at my own charges, but just as I was pluming myself on being able to buy a ticket for the sold-out first public performance I received one for the private press production, carrying with it transportation and a luncheon whose wine-list I brought away to send you, but of compassion forbear. Church was out in time to give the townspeople a chance to gather at a respectful distance and watch the critics troop into the Winter Garden for this entertainment. They seemed to me to regard it with a cool eye; if I wanted kind words from British journalists I think I would not feed them first; it might put an extra coat on their determination not to be got at. The Mayor of Malvern told us what it would be only fair for us to tell the world about Malvern as a summer resort—and indeed it is a charming place, curved around the lower slopes of the mountain whose side rises sheer from the doorway of the bright modern theatre. Settled here, a discreet turning of heads indicated that a tall gray figure was looking over the house from a corner of the balcony. In the intermissions he came down and even permitted himself to be photographed with Miss Edna Peters, now admirably representing America in these islands. But the divinity or otherwise that doth hedge G. B. S. kept the crowd at a distance, watching as he talked affably enough to one friend or another, always longer, straighter, younger, than anyone with whom he was standing.

The time of "The Apple Cart" is some fifty years hence; not long enough for short skirts to have gone out of fashion, but just enough for present tendencies in English politics to have worked themselves out to a *reductio ad absurdum.* Politics is no longer a gentleman's game; labor holds the office and takes instructions from Big Business; the real power of the proletariat is vested in Breakages Ltd. Wages in essential industries, such as the manufacture of chocolate creams, are so high that poverty is not even a memory. (This statement, taken as a prophecy, was endorsed in the keynote-speech of the Confectionery Show now taking place at Olympia, by the way.) Let others worry over impending starvation; Mr. Shaw's concern is with the terrors of a fat prosperity.

The Ministers representing this prosperity call one another Joe and Bill and act "like an overcrowded third-class railway carriage." By this serio-comic Government the King is supported and suppressed. But it is no easier to suppress King Magnus than to suppress a goldfish by pushing it under water. Diplomacy is his element, and he can swim rings around any of his ministers. He can tame Bill Boanerges, the labor leader, who roars like any lion, and by methods not unlike those of Androcles the lion-tamer. For the king, like this earlier hero, has the advantage of sincere and definitely formulated convictions. He is fighting with all the force of his urbanity, his experience, and his position as the one fixed point in a shifting crowd of office-holders, for the England in which he believes against the enemy as personified by Breakages Ltd. and its world. When Prime Minister Proteus presents an ultimatum that he must give up even talking about the Royal Veto, his only weapon against this enemy, and become a complete constitutional rubber-stamp, he asks for a pause in which to consider. He needs it; the act has lasted over an hour and a half. Most of this period has been spent by the audience on the edge of its chair with its heart in its mouth. This I must ask you to take for granted; I cannot give a condensed version of the act because a Shaw play cannot be condensed any more than the telephone book can. On the stage a semi-circle of ladies and gentlemen—for there are two ladies in the cabinet—have simply sat still and talked; for more than ten minutes the King has talked without interruption, almost as if in soliloquy, about the Royal Prerogative. Does it sound dull? When this speech was over, there was silence and then the slowly gathering crescendo of a storm of applause. When the act was over, it was like breaking a spell.

What really broke the spell, however, was the interpolated variety turn called the second act. The King has an official favorite with whom he has a "strangely innocent relation," based on what she is made to assert and re-assert is her beauty and intelligence. Evidence in support of the first must of course be furnished by the actress, but for providing the second Mr. Shaw is responsible. None, however, is forthcoming.

Considered as a two-act play, however, there is no break nor flaw. The King is discovered at tea with his comfortable Queen Jemima, whom he has reasonably refused to divorce for the egregious Orinthia. Enter the American Ambassador, thrilling, voice and all, with great news. The United States of Europe is at hand; the United States of America has decided to come into the British Commonwealth, on its own terms of course. It will make things even more homelike for Americans in England than they are now, what with American movies, manners, architecture, business methods, etc. This prodigal son has returned, bringing the fatted calf (one might almost say the fatted golden calf) as a token of affection.

For the first time, the King's composure cracks. Annex, benevolently assimilate, improve for its own good "this little England?"—"this gem set in the silver sea," murmurs the King. Shaw quoting Shakespeare? Yes, and to the point. The Cabinet returns. The King states that rather than surrender the Royal Veto he will abdicate, of course in favor of his son. But as they begin the usual speeches in celebration of a retirement from public life, he reminds them that he has no intention of retiring. He will at once stand for Parliament, to which the Royal Borough of Windsor will triumphantly return him. His son will call someone to form a new Government. "He may call you, Mr. Proteus; he may call me." The apple-cart is upset with a vengeance. The ultimatum is torn up. The King, left alone for a moment, looks past his immediate victory, down the long corridor of Heartbreak House. But Jemima leads him away to dress for dinner.

Next day, in company with another group of devotees, I heard "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," by the Canterbury lad, Christopher Morley (sometimes known as Marlowe), performed in the ancient Chapter House of this cathedral before a hushed and breathless company of Canterbury pilgrims. Again we listened to a play with scarce any action, altogether concerned with the discussion of ideas and principles believed, by the author at least, to be matters of life and death. One of Faust's speeches held this audience spellbound for rather more than ten minutes. The plays of Shaw are in the great tradition of English religious drama; "Dr. Faustus" aims to keep the audience out of hell and "The Apple Cart" to steer it away from a rubber-stamp democracy. Mr. Shaw's Prime Minister, like Marlowe's Mephistopheles, might have admitted, "Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it." "Come," says Faustus to the devil, just when he might have been getting his money's worth of action for his soul, "let us dispute again, and argue." So they argue and dispute in Malvern, on the other edge of England.

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Against the Wall
by Kathleen Millay $2.50

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

WISE parents, we suppose, can always be counted on, either by indirect suggestion or specific instruction, to guide the reading of their children. Yet even the children of the wisest parents have in the course of their excursions into literature read lavishly of what by all the canons of worth is the sorriest rubbish. And, heretical as it may sound, it is not at all certain that it is not better that they should on occasions read trash than that they should never adventure into the field of books on their own initiative. Here is a dilemma the only solution for which would seem to be that poor books should become non-existent.

Certainly the last decade of publishing history would indicate that the publishers are determined to make them fewer. Indeed, in no field of writing do the past ten years show a more lively quickening than in that of juvenile literature. In scope, in format, and in content children's books have shown a steady advancement, and of their improvement has grown increased determination to make them better. Publisher after publisher has put fresh impetus back of his juvenile department, and steadily authors and artists of first calibre are being drawn within its orbit.

If proof of this is needed, proof is forthcoming. The Oxford University Press, which far more narrowly than the catholicity of its list justifies is associated in the public mind with works of scholarship, this week makes its entrance upon the field of juvenile publishing. And a brave entry it is! Here are a round half-dozen books, ranging from an enchanting little volume entitled "Polichinelle," in which J. R. Monsell has translated, set, and illustrated some of the old nursery songs of France, and "The White Puppy Book," by Cecil Aldin, whose merry text and delightful illustrations are designed to appeal to the same very youthful reader as the former, to an edition of Cinderella, with the incomparable old story retold by Githa Sowerby and delicately pictured by Millicent Sowerby. Here, too, are a retelling of stories of the New Testament, by Agnes Adams, for which "Jesus of Nazareth" W. H. Margetson has furnished color illustrations, and a pleasing story (wherein two severe maiden aunts are won to grace through the influence of a fairy) which is entitled "A Fairy to Stay," written by Margaret Beatrice Lodge and illustrated by A. H. Watson. And, finally, for older children, here is attractive edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" with illustrations in color. Evidently the Oxford Press intends to publish books for children from the kindergarten to the high school and graduation into its adult list. The advent of such a firm to the ranks of publishers of children's book is of good augury for juvenile literature.

WHEN FUR WAS KING. By HENRY JOHN MOBERLY and WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THE title of this book might indicate that it is a book for boys; and as an adventure narrative of a long service with the Hudson's Bay Company in the old days, so it may be. Upon the other hand, as a straightforward authentic chronicle it enters into the field of general reading and of reference. It may be compared with Robert Ballantyne's "Hudson Bay; or, Every-Day Life in the Wilds of North America," once popular but now long out of print.

Henry John Moberly, of a family well-known in the building of the Canadian Pacific, engaged with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1854 and continued in that service for forty years. His first trip in, at eighteen, as a new clerk, was made in the canoe of the Company Governor, Sir George Simpson, himself. Thereafter, as clerk, trader, and chief factor in charge of brigades and posts he covered practically all the Company territory from Ontario and Hudson's Bay west to the Rocky Mountains.

At ninety-one (the frontispiece photograph shows him at that age) he turned over his memoirs to Mr. Cameron, who added to them through notes taken during numerous talks. The result is this book: a compilation of chatty, first-hand details of life and customs at the Hudson's Bay Company posts and upon the canoe and dog-sled trails, of the characters of the employees and the Indians, of the game and of the country—going back to the almost feudal days of Fort William, Norway House, Fort Edmonton, Jaspar House, and all.

No one else might tell of these things, for Mr. Moberly, in his telling in 1926, probably was the oldest surviving servant of the Great Company.

The illustrations in the book are two half-tones—one of Mr. Moberly and one of Sir George Simpson in 1857; six spirited full-page action sketches by John Innes; and a folding map of the Canadian Northwest as Mr. Moberly knew it.

MY GRANDPA'S FARM. By MARY WOLFE THOMPSON. Illustrated by EDNA POTTER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $1.50.

Renewed by LUCY FITCH PERKINS
Author of "The Farm Twins"

THIS is a book filled with charming material, interesting incident, and likable characters, which yet falls a little short of its legitimate effect because of the method of presentation. It is what the children refer to as an "I" book, which means that the story is told in the first person singular.

This has been done successfully in a few outstanding instances, as, for example, in "Treasure Island," but in spite of such examples the fact remains that this mode of narration places an unnecessary handicap upon otherwise charming and valuable material. Children are very eye-minded as a rule, and the story which most appeals to them is the one which enables them most clearly to visualize the characters and incidents. The other personalities in the story are attractively presented, but Lucy herself, who tells the story and who should be quite definitely imaged as the principle character, is obscured behind the personal pronoun.

The story is so good that one cannot help regretting this flaw, and also the employment of certain too colloquial expressions, such as "Grandpa's eyes bugged." In spite of these obvious defects the book does present to children an alluring picture of the interests, activities, and charm of country life.

THE MAGIC TRAIL. By GRACE MOON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ALTA B. APPLEGATE*

GRACE MOON is a delightful storyteller for young people and could easily be an outstanding writer of stories about Indian children should she make her young characters conform more nearly to Indian ways and habits. She shows a tendency to pattern their actions after those of white children. In "The Magic Trail" she shows a great love for and intimacy with the desert, and one feels on reading her book that she has a better understanding of the desert than she has of Indian children. Nevertheless, "The Magic Trail" is a most entertaining and wholesome story for children between the ages of eight and twelve —much better, in fact, than her very recent book, "The Runaway Papoose." To add interest to the book there are illustrations and a map of the make-believe country in which the scenes of the story are laid.

Two pueblo Indian children, Kawani, a boy, and Yazhe, a girl, perform a ceremony with magic pahos, or feathered prayer sticks, to learn where lies the magic trail that leads to the place where may be found Kawani's missing father, one of whose turquoise ear drops has come into Kawani's possession. The children find that the magic trail leads first to the trading post, where Kawani's pony wins a money prize in a race, then to a camp of thieves, where Kawani is robbed of his pony and prize money, and thence over deserts and through dark canyons to further adventures. The whole book is full of exciting incidents, and the happy ending reveals Kawani, Yazhe, Arrow-Maker, and the pony on their way to the home mesa.

* Alta B. Applegate has lived for months at a time with the Hopi Indians in their houses, has been adopted into their clans and taken part in their ceremonies, so that she knows the ways of the Indians of the desert quite well.

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The career of the woman whose pen-name is Henry Handel Richardson is unique in literary history. And it is unparalleled as an example of fame coming when least expected. Let us tell it from the beginning, twenty-one years ago.

In 1908 there was published, in England and America, a novel about musicians in Germany. Its title was MAURICE GUEST, by Henry Handel Richardson. John Masefield, reviewing it in the *London News*, predicted that it would take ten years to make good. MAURICE GUEST never attained wide popularity; but it was intensely admired by a few—Mr. Masefield, Hugh Walpole, and Carl Van Vechten among them.

> "From that year of 1908 until this," writes Hugh Walpole, "it may be said that never a week has passed that someone somewhere has not said to someone else, 'Have you read a novel call'ed MAURICE GUEST? If not, you'd better.'"

As a result of this subterranean popularity, an extraordinary thing happened. MAURICE GUEST, though its American sale has been only 3,300, copies remained in print for 21 years—a life achieved by few of even the most popular novels. Certainly no other novel of 1908 is more vigorously alive today.

> "MAURICE GUEST," wrote Frank Harris at the time, "has made a deeper impression on me than any English novel I have read in the last five or six years."

Intense critical admiration—and small sales. That was the fate of MAURICE GUEST; and it was even more striking in the case of Henry Handel Richardson's next three books. She took her time, wrote an average of only one novel every four years, and she wrote these to please no one but her own exacting artistic conscience.

Perhaps it was her artistic conscience that was ahead of her time; for she was writing with an uncompromising realism which the general public never began to appreciate until long after the world war. That is why her novels were all critical successes, public failures. In spite of what, for all these years, looked like failure, Henry Handel Richardson never for a moment deserted her own particular genius. And the result, in 1929, is ULTIMA THULE.

> "ULTIMA THULE is not merely a work of genius. It is a work of genius assured and triumphant. If one age has produced a masterpiece at all, this is a masterpiece." —*London Daily News*

Yet there was no reason to expect that ULTIMA THULE would bring so dramatic a change. The English publisher brought it out last January in an edition of only 1000 copies. But they had not foreseen the tremendous enthusiasm with which every critic greeted this book.

> "To speak of ULTIMA THULE I can find no adequate words," wrote Sylvia Lynd in *Time and Tide*. "Since the death of David Copperfield's mother, since the end of Richard Feverel, I have read nothing so moving. I have come upon nothing like ULTIMA THULE in my eleven years' book reviewing, and hardly, I think, on its equal."

In England the first edition was sold out on publication day. It became the season's best seller. Henry Handel Richardson's previous books were again in demand, and were quickly reprinted. Henry Handel Richardson, after twenty-one years, after discouragement and failure, had become a best-seller! And that dramatic, powerful vision of the truth achieved a recognition for which, perhaps it had forgotten to hope.

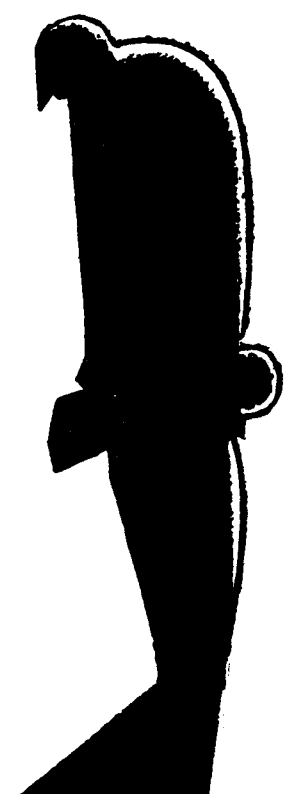
> "The book is a masterpiece, worthy to rank with the greatest and saddest masterpieces of our day."
> —*Gerald Gould in the Observer*

And in America the success of ULTIMA THULE has already eclipsed its record in England! For this novel has been selected for September by the Book-of-the-Month Club, for its 100,000 members!

For them and for you, ULTIMA THULE is the promise of a great and moving experience. Here is the story of a marriage that pierces to the root of every marriage. Here is the tragedy of an idealist in whom each of us will see his own ideals mirrored. Here is a story which brings into beautiful design the slings and arrows of fortune that make our lives and destinies.

> "I hope that America," writes Hugh Walpole, "the America that has supported OF HUMAN BONDAGE and AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, will recognize the great structure of this splendid work."

And America, grown up from the tepid romanticism of 1908, with the courage to face the truth and recognize its supreme and powerful beauty—America has made a best-seller of England's masterpiece.



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Books that Live

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

AUSTIN DOBSON. Some Notes. By ALBAN DOBSON. With Chapters by SIR EDMUND GOSSE and GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Oxford University Press. 1929. $5.

Austin Dobson, like Thackeray, requested that there should be no biography of him after his death. This volume is not a memoir, but a memorial volume: a few facts, a few anecdotes and appreciations, many letters, a number of portraits and facsimiles, biographies, and miscellanies. His life was outwardly very uneventful. For forty-five years he spent his days at the Board of Trade, his evenings in the library of his suburban home. He retired in 1901 and died in 1921 at over eighty.

Sir Edmund Gosse dislikes the term *vers de société* and prefers occasional. But occasional has another and more common use, verse for occasions, banquets, dedications, and what not. Why not "society verse?" The term need not be correctly descriptive. The thing itself is more or less definite, and all we need is a term agreed upon to mean that thing and not something else. Whatever we call it, no one wrote it with more exquisite finish than Dobson. If some of it is graver and deeper, yet most of it falls within Locker's definition. If the beauty of its workmanship is not much recognized by a generation alien to its spirit and all over the shop on form and tradition, it can safely wait the turn of the tide. Some tide or other will bring it home.

PATRICK HENRY. By GEORGE MORGAN. Lippincott. 1929. $3.50.

In the name of bibliography as well as of scholarship and business ethics, a vigorous protest ought to be made against the issuance of reprints, with altered titles and perhaps a few minor changes in contents, but without any indication by author or publisher that the body of the book is not new. Mr. Morgan's "Patrick Henry" is a page-for-page reprint, apparently from the old plates, of the same writer's "The True Patrick Henry," published in 1907 in the "True Biographies" series. The only changes of importance that have been discovered are the addition of a preface in which Henry is lauded and his earlier biographers criticized; the incorporation in the preface of parts of a former paragraph of acknowledgments; the inclusion at the end of seven pages of loosely-compiled bibliography containing, among others, the titles of a number of books published since this book was written, and the omission of a page headed "Patrick Henry, Dates and Data." Even the errors of alphabetical arrangement in the index have not been corrected. As for Mr. Morgan's biography itself, there is no need to say anything about it now, since it has long been well known.

THE LETTERS WITH PETER PLYMBY. Dutton. $2.50.

MYSTICAL LIFE OF JESUS. By *H. Spencer Lewis.* San Jose, Calif.: Rosicrucian Press. $2.90.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN. By *Frederic Whyte.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE HEROIC LIFE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. By *Henri Lavedan.* Longmans, Green. $2.50.

SAINTE THÉRÈSE OF LISIEUX. By *Lucie Delarue-Mardrus.* Translated by *Helen Younger Chase.* Longmans, Green. $2.

SIR CHARLES BAGOT IN CANADA. By *G. P. de T. Glazebrook.* Oxford.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG. By *John Charteris.* Scribners. $6.

THE HOHENZOLLERNS. By *Herbert Eulenberg.* Century. $4.

Economics

THE ECONOMICS OF FARM RELIEF. By EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN. Columbia University Press. 1929. $3.

After reviewing the economic history of agriculture in the United States, with attention also to other nations, Professor Seligman reaches the conclusion that "there are at work fundamental causes of both a world and a domestic character which tend to menace its continued equality with industry."

Against these causes, the author maintains, government cannot successfully contend. There are temporary problems, however, chiefly the heritage of the war, the solution of which may be facilitated by governmental action. Information, Professor Seligman points out, is the first requisite, and this is being furnished by the United States Department of Agriculture and other agencies. In addition to this he recommends a farm board with functions very like those provided for in the agricultural relief act passed by the special session of Congress. (The book was prepared before the session opened.) The board, he maintains, should be composed of men of action rather than men of learning—and this fits the board as it now exists. Considering the fact that he began this study at the instance of John J. Raskob, the professor should be pretty well satisfied with Mr. Hoover.

PRINCIPLES OF RURAL-URBAN SOCIOLOGY. By *Pitirim Sorokin* and *Carle C. Zimmerman.* Holt. $4.50.

RAW MATERIALS OF INDUSTRIALISM. By *Hugh B. Killough* and *Lucy W. Killough.* Crowell. $3.75.

BRITISH INDUSTRY TODAY. By *Ben M. Selekman* and *Sylvia Kopald Selekman.* Harpers. $3.

VICTORIAN WORKING WOMEN. By *Wanda Fraiken Neff.* Columbia University Press. $3.50.

Education

HOW THE COLONIES GREW INTO STATES. By *Wilbur Fisk Gordy.* Scribners. $1.

THE BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By *Ethel B. Waring* and *Marguerite Wilker.* Scribners.

THE BRIGHTER FRENCH WORD BOOK. By *H. T. R.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY. By *Raymond Holder Wheeler.* Crowell. $3.75.

WORSHIP TRAINING FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN. By *Clara Beers Blushfield.* Methodist Book Concern. $1.

EFFECTIVE ENGLISH. By *J. R.* and *V. B. Halbert.* University of Chicago. $2.

FIRST GERMAN READER. By *Charles H. Handschin.* Crofts. $1.50.

BURNS, POETRY AND PROSE. Edited by *R. Dewar.* Oxford University Press. $1.25.

COMPOSITION AND GRAMMAR. By *Alfred M. Hitchcock.* Holt.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS USING COMPOSITION AND GRAMMAR. By *Alfred M. Hitchcock.* Holt.

INDUCTIVE GRAMMAR. By *Andrew C. Perry* and *Andrew E. Eichmann.* Scribners. 88 cents.

NEW METHOD IN COMPOSITION. By *William A. Boylan, Constance W. Fuller,* and *Albert S. Taylor.* Scribners. 60 cents.

Fiction

A MODERN GIRL. By W. B. TRITES. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

By virtue of his novelette, "The Gypsy," W. B. Trites, hailed a generation ago by William Dean Howells as the most promising of young American writers, came last year into his promised recognition. "The Gypsy" was like a Zuluaga painting, bold figures against a Spanish landscape that shelved off austere and harsh into the distance. It was a gem, gaudy perhaps, as many people like their gems, but exquisitely cut.

And now, following "The Gypsy," comes "A Modern Girl," a story with a war background. But instead of a single rich painting, it is curiously like a movie. Captions, close-ups, plot, ideas, and movie-philosophy as well—all are recognizable. There is the same vividness of scene, the same use of stock types to play the parts, about the same apportionment of sex, handled with just about the same lack of subtlety.

"A Modern Girl" pictures France in 1918: war Paris with cold theaters, darkened boulevards, expensive food; the Riviera unchanged and sparkling with the pleasure-seeking "slackers"; an aviation school; a war hospital. Yet—for all its facts and descriptions—there is no feel of the war. Mr. Trites does his scenes as the camera-man would, with faithfulness and considerable variety, but just as background. The aviation stunts, however well reported, do not thrill. The doughboy humor, the dialogue, instead of being racy as we saw it in "Chevrons" and in "What Price Glory" and as we know it to have been, is heavy. The horrors are mere recitals of unlovely facts—ugly bits picked out and listed. There is never the surging emotion that shakes the first of the war writers, nor understanding portrayal.

That Mr. Trites can write is proven in "The Gypsy." It is bold, florid writing, effective in the shorter and simpler story, but not successful here. It is a style which seems a composite of Victorian with its over-writing and the directness of the French. Mr. Trites has lived most of his life in France and it would be strange if he did not pick up some of its manner. His sentences are short and his choice and listing of details vivid. His senses, like those of the French, are sharp. But the combination is bewildering. "A Modern Girl" seems at one time modern by way of a determined naïveté, and again woefully old-fashioned. Like the movies, the art of Mr. Trites has great possibilities, but like most of them, it falls down—in this book at least—by the paucity of its ideas. "A Modern Girl" does no credit to the author of "Paterfamilias" and "The Gypsy."

(*Continued on page* 116)

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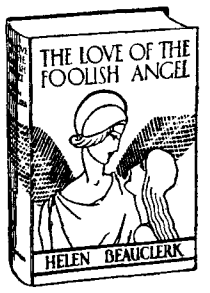

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 114)

BLAIR'S ATTIC. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN and FREEMAN LINCOLN. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

Admirers of Joseph C. Lincoln need not fear that his son's collaboration has changed the old tradition of his Cape Cod stories. "Blair's Attic" is a mystery novel, to be sure, but its mysteriousness is slight and unexciting. Otherwise the Lincoln formula is faithfully followed; local color dominates the whole work. Probably a great many readers will be delighted by the narrative, which tells of old Cap'n Blair, of his strange connection with the Orient, of the gradual light that clears up the midnight prowlings and the eccentric thefts, and finally of the high-minded love affair between two of the lesser characters. Events and characters develop very simply and slowly; nothing hurries, nothing attains any degree of complexity. If we were to believe the evidence of this novel, we should conclude that the art of prose fiction has been unchanged for twenty years. In method, temper, and material "Blair's Attic" belongs to the age of the horse-car and the buggy. To a discriminating modern reader it will seem elementary and tedious.

The novel is issued in an attractive format, the jacket and endpapers (both by N. C. Wyeth) being pleasantly suggestive of Cape Cod.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES. By R. L. DUFFUS. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

All that you want on a summer day is here—a laughing tale of revelry and revolution, of fandangoes and funerals, of love in cafés and in the lush meadow under the oak—a tale that keeps up its merriment to the end, never heavy, and never ill-humored. It is the world of political intrigue, the sinister manœuvres of foreign powers, soldiers and patriots, love and lust—all gently spoofed—done in terms of the many-chinned president of a Latin-American republic, the heavily mustachoed general, roisterous Anglo-Saxon representatives, and the inhibited Yankee oil-man. They are set against each other in a country where the siesta is the central fact of national culture, where the people enjoy totally useless lives, and go to war to take their minds off the fleas. Blinding light, purple shadows, lusty drinking, and the magic of youth and illusion—it is romance as a humorist sees it, a humorist who is just a wee bit of a poet and considerable of a story-teller. There is suspense, drama, fire. You giggle—and you read on.

WHEN LOVE COMES TO WOMAN. By LEAH MORTON. Sears. 1929. $2.50.

The woman problem has been so thoroughly discussed in recent years that, fascinating as it is, particularly for a woman, one still wonders if there is anything sufficiently new left of it to make interesting reading. Narrowed down to woman's personal life, as it has been of late, the controversy has been exciting; and Judge Lindsay's revelations concerning the present-day American school-girl certainly sharpened interest for a time. But now even companionate marriage and birth control, as discussion material, at any rate, have gone the way of suffrage and economic emancipation. The juice is out of them as current topics of interest.

This book, therefore, comes both as a late and an unnecessary contribution to the subject. It is a résumé of the various arrangements tried out here and there to take the place of the conventional marriage—an account of the relations of about ten types of women with their chosen mates. There is the mistress of a married man, who has ideals and a baby; the defiant freelover living amidst squalor and contempt; the Lucy Stoner, spirited in her combination of security and radicalism; the young country-club woman, intelligent and selfish, the vamp divorcée. Nearly all young. All modern. The stories are told at length and with no expressed thesis. The author is tolerant, gracious, eager to help and to understand. But we have heard the stories too often.

Besides this possible mistake in timeliness there is also a certain awkwardness in presentation. The accounts of these women in love are all put into juxtaposition with one another and within the observation of one woman—an arrangement so contrived as automatically to undermine credence. Any one of them told singly and with imagination, would be absorbing. But thus lined up with others, the best becomes but a "case." Of course, Leah Morton is not primarily a novelist. She is a social worker, emphasizing the economic status of her characters and their contribution (or otherwise) to society—rather than the psychological and physiological aspects, which does nothing to brighten the book. She describes herself, moreover, as a woman of fifty, gray-haired, and settled in family and job—the point of view probably least likely of all to interest the young and romantic.

THE NEEDLE'S KISS. By AUSTIN J. SMALL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

This tale opens very nicely with a stabbed and poisoned corpse dragged from the Thames, but thereafter the excitement is kept pretty low by inexpert use of such familiar trappings as concealed apartments aboard a Chinese ship, an apparently deserted warehouse devoted to dark traffic, daggers with Chinese proverbs engraved on their blades, and a trapdoor leading to the river. A rather neat light-gun with good possibilities is wasted here. The problem is: how are the police to prove that the Eurasian Grosman was responsible for the murder, as well as for London's being flooded with cocaine? Everybody eavesdrops a great deal, the commissioner's daughter gets herself abducted, and finally the surviving villains are apprehended. All the English characters talk Americanese.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. By PIO BAROJA. Translated from the Spanish by AUBREY F. G. BELL. Knopf. 1928. $3.

Fifteen years ago it was the fashion—outside of Spain—to talk about "the contemporary Spanish renaissance." Pio Baroja, physician, baker, and novelist—and perhaps the most authentic voice of that period—unintentionally shows us in "The Tree of Knowledge" why that renaissance never matured. It was essentially an importation from France, confined to the intelligentsia, and without roots in the soil. Baroja, like the rest, was produced by Zola and Flaubert. His hero, the medical student, Andrès Hurtado, a disillusioned idealist who struggles in vain to achieve some reality amidst the sham lives about him, is clearly Baroja himself. The indictment of pre-war Spain is bitter and unflinching, but the intellectualist hero has no relief to offer. The skeptical naturalism of cultured France was no real food for poverty-stricken mystical Spain. Hurtado "was a little before his time," says the author. Alas, before that time Primo de Rivera must intervene—and who knows how many more like him? "The Tree of Knowledge" is a sad book—even sadder when seen against its background than in itself alone—but it is a powerful book. It will remain as a record of a futile flowering, a dirge for unplayed melodies.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE. By *Louis Arthur Cunningham*. Carrier. $2.50.
LIPSTICK. By *H. L. Gates*. Barse. $2.
THE STOLEN MILLIONAIRE. By *Seldon Truss*. Coward-McCann. $2.
SPLENDOR OF GOD. By *Honoré Willsie Morrow*. Morrow. $2.50.
THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS. Translated by *William Burnaby*. Modern Library.
THE RED AND THE BLACK. By *Stendhal*. Translated by *C. K. Scott-Moncrieff*. Modern Library.
THE UNLIT LAMP. By *Radclyffe Hall*. Cape-Smith. $3.
GLASS OVER FLOWERS. By *Jean Temple*. Cape-Smith. $2.
COUSIN BERYL. By *J. C. Snaith*. Appleton. $2.50.
THE HISTORY OF EGG PANDERVIL. By *Gerald Bullett*. Knopf. $2.50.
STEEL CHIPS. By *Idwel Jones*. Knopf. $2.50.
THE DOCTOR WHO HELD HANDS. By *Hulbert Footner*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
A TAP ON THE SHOULDER. By *Morrison Dupree*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
JOSEPH ANDREWS. By *Henry Fielding*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. BADMAN. By *John Bunyan*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

(*Continued on page* 120)

"PATERFAMILIAS *is a great book*"

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"A powerful story, powerfully told." The Graphic.

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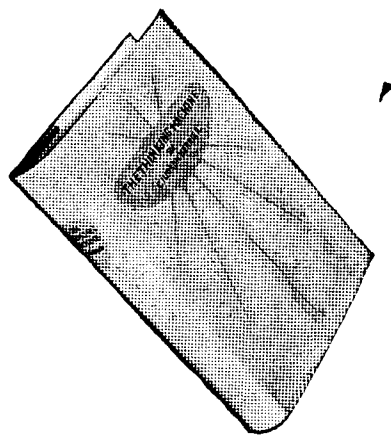

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

T. W. D., Dallas, Texas, teacher in a large high school, needs a new dictionary, a book on usage, a book of synonyms, and a desk handbook.

The oldest and most widely used American dictionary, revised and reset in 1909, is Webster's "New International" (Merriam: $16), whose latest and largest abridgment is the "Collegiate" (Merriam: $5). It is said not to have so many new words as the Funk & Wagnalls "Standard" (Funk & Wagnalls, 1925: $16), whose abridged version is the "Practical Standard" (Funk & Wagnalls: $5). I could manage with either, but I would have to own the "Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English" (Oxford University Press: $3.25) besides. Who could be found willing to do without the spicy, snappy, downright "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler (Oxford University Press), once having had this invaluable work in his hand? If I were a bookseller I would thrust a copy into the hands of anyone interested in words, shove the man into an armchair, and enter the sale while he was still dead to the world. As for synonyms, it depends on whether you need archaisms once in a while as well as modernisms; in this case old Roget is still grand, and, anyway, I was brought up on Roget's method of arrangement, and could not be expected to take so kindly to any other system. Indeed, the possession of a beautiful, dark-red leather, thin-paper "Roget's International Thesaurus" (Crowell), which has many additions and modernizations, has not altogether displaced in my affections an aged and tottering Roget that I suppose must be a Longmans of early date, though at this distance from my desk I can't be sure. Anyway, Longmans does publish a "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases," by Peter Mark Roget, enlarged by J. L. Roget, and further enlarged in 1925 by S. R. Roget, which keeps the general plan of the original work and most of the old words, adding as required. For a handy little book on the desk, "The Writer's Index of Good Form and Good English," by Manly and Rickert (Holt), will be often useful. This reader asks "how about the promised book for older people similar to 'Adventures in Reading,'" which gives me a legitimate chance to announce that "Books as Windows," by the Reader's Guide, is a sort of leaderette on the Fall list of Frederick Stokes, and that their catalogue will contain a drawing of the author, which may pacify such readers of the department as lately called for one to be printed in these crowded columns.

W. S., San Francisco, Cal., asks if a book by Joseph Kessel lately reviewed in the Saturday Review of Literature, *"A Siberian Nightmare," "Nuits de Siberia (Flammarion: 1929) will be published in English.*

I ASKED Mr. William Aspinwall Bradley, the highest authority on what is scheduled for translation for some time ahead, and a letter just received from Paris says that it has not been published in English and, so far, no arrangements have been made for its translation.

The same inquirer needs a brief list of travel books for South America. A practical guide-book is "The South American Tour," by Annie S. Peck (Doran), useful for the tourist in planning or carrying out a journey long or short. The most amusing of the more informal guides is Harry L. Foster's "Adventures of a Tropical Tramp" (Dodd, Mead), especially if it be followed by the same author's "A Tropical Tramp with the Tourists" (Dodd, Mead), in which his wild spirit is partially tamed to the uses of a professional guide. He has also an excellent handbook, "If You Go to South America" (Dodd, Mead), compact enough to be taken along. Harry Franck's "Vagabonding down the Andes" (Century) is a four-year walking tour. If the travel is to be altogether vicarious, and the preference of the reader is for places on the edge of the map, take "Jungle Paths and Inca Ruins," by William Montgomery McGovern (Century), a traveller with a genius for getting into impossible places and bringing out reports that enrich science as well as the enjoyment of life.

H. F. D., Burlington, Vermont, asks for suggestions helpful to a woman preparing a club paper on Modern Biography.

THE best suggestion anyone could offer, I think, would be to turn this paper into a careful and sympathetic review of André Maurois's "Aspects of Biography" (Appleton). The six lectures of which it is composed were on the same foundation for which, the preceding year, E. M. Forster had given the lectures later appearing as "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace), and M. Maurois publishes his debt to his predecessor in setting the example of a free method of treatment, also to Mr. Harold Nicolson for having done, in "The Development of English Biography," what he had intended to, and with such perfection "that there was not a word left for me to say" along these lines, and he was forced to find some other means of presenting his subject. These means are so grateful to the modern reader who has consumed biography in large quantities and without much discrimination in its choice, that it should be brought to the notice of any reader in this case. It will clarify the ideas of a crowded mind and gently induce their formation in minds with more room. The question whether there can be scientific truth in biography, the nature of biography as a means of expression—with some invaluable sidelights on his own methods and experience — autobiography, and biography and the novel, are the "aspects" chosen for discussion. One point will be noted by one who like me always notices books mentioned or recommended in other books: M. Maurois is not afraid to recommend small and apparently unassuming books, any more than to do the same by large and generally recognized authorities, and as for his catholicity of taste, he can say, "Just as one rises from the reading of a great novel—'War and Peace,' or 'Middlemarch,' or 'Mrs. Dalloway'—so one rises from the reading of a great Life a better man."

I automatically set down the name of the English publisher of Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Life of Lady Byron" when I lately spoke of it here, because I was reading from the English edition, but in the United States this admirable work is published by Scribner.

C. M. F., Ashland, Wis., says that when reading "Orlando" she puzzled over the resemblance to some other book, and "suddenly realized that it has the same style as 'Serena Blandish.' Are you one of those who know who wrote 'Serena'? I am sure Virginia Woolf must be the author."

THE year "Serena Blandish" appeared I was given a tea-party at Rumpelmayer's, all the guests being of dazzling literary quality. One of them was Lady Jones, a young and extremely good-looking lady, blonde, and beautifully dressed, who was described to me as the author of "Serena Blandish"—then being attributed to everyone with a reputation for wit, from Max Beerbohm down. She did not look in the least like Mrs. Woolf. This is all I know about it, however.

E. M. F., Wood's Hole, Mass., adds to the list of books on care of pre-school children the two books of Arnold Gsell, "Infancy and Human Growth" and (especially) "The Mental Growth of the Pre-School Child." "The latter does not give definite instructions, but it does present a summary of the development of hundreds of pre-school children and is thus a guide to what one's own child should be doing at various age levels." *G. C., Buzzard's Bay, Mass.,* calls Trollope's "Orley Farm" the best "legal novel," and suggests that it be included in the list for P. W. D. "In case you have not read it recently, the story starts with the inception of the crime of forgery of a will by a nice and charming woman, and carries her through a successful and an unsuccessful trial; the attitude of her lawyer towards her, and of her friends, and their gradual change, and her reaction to that change, makes the truest picture I have seen, and I have spent a lifetime in courts."

B. W., New York, asks for books "on the ductless glands or relating to that subject."

"THE Glands in Health and Disease," by Benjamin Harrow (Dutton) is a sober, conservative statement of what we have established as at least highly probable. "The Personal Equation," by Louis Berman (Century), deals with the influence of glands on individual behavior and personality. The same author's larger and somewhat earlier work, "The Glands Regulating Personality" (Macmillan), takes a great deal for granted, and in the eye of this observer at least, makes pretty wide jumps at conclusions; it was, however, one of the first books we had with a popular treatment of the subject.

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[Boston booksellers took twice their quota of the first printing of 120,000 and their reorders since, account in good measure for the sales of 1,200 a day since publication.]

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"To find adequate verbiage to praise the perfections of 'They Stooped to Folly' is difficult. There are phrases of breath-taking beauty alongside of mordant irony and scintillating witticisms. There are so many quotable lines that a choice is practically impossible."—The Richmond Times Dispatch

[The pre-publication order of the Richmond Public Library was double that ever placed for any other book. It has already reordered—and reports that never in its history has any book been in greater demand.]

EAST

NEW YORK

"It is safe to say that until there arises in this country a novelist, who, like Galsworthy and Thackeray and Meredith, can combine the creation of full-bodied fictional characters with wit of observation, THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY will remain unsurpassed in any year in its chosen field of the comedy of manners. And when it is surpassed perhaps it will be by Ellen Glasgow herself. It is our guess that this is precisely what will take place. And until then THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY should remain the most delectable mingling of ironic wit and tolerance yet done on this side of the Atlantic."—N. Y. Times—Percy Hutchison

[New York sets the pace of success. At Brentano's last week THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY was far and away the best selling novel. One retail account exhausted its initial order of 2,500 in two weeks and has called for another 1,000. Almost every New York bookstore has reordered twice.]

WEST

CHICAGO

"Ellen Glasgow is one of the foremost satirical novelists. In THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY the world of readers discovers for itself that a writer can be at the same time important and delightful."—Chicago Tribune: Fanny Butcher

[In Chicago, Marshall Field has tripled its original order and all the other leading stores have ordered again.]

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page 112*)

REDDY. By *Mary Biddle Fitler*. Harpers. $2.

THE ADVENTURES OF GALLEY JACK. By *Violet Maxwell* and *Helen Hill*. Harpers. $1.

THE GALLANT LALLANES. By *Louise H. Guyol*. Harpers. $2.

THE COMMODORE. By *Charles Geoffrey Muller*. Harpers. $2.

CHESTNUT COURT. By *Mabel L. Tyrrell*. Harpers. $2.

THE FRIENDLY LIGHT. By *Virginia Greene Millikin*. Abingdon. $1.

GREEN OVER AND OVER STORIES. By *Margaret* and *Clarence Weed*. Lippincott. 75 cents.

RED OVER AND OVER STORIES. By *Margaret* and *Clarence Weed*. Lippincott. 75 cents.

THE STORY OF WOOFIN-POOFIN. By *Marguerite Buller*. McBride.

ABBY IN THE GOBI. By *Florence Choate* and *Elizabeth Curtis*. McBride. $2.

SHORTY IN THE TANK CORPS. By *Edward W. Keever*. Century. $1.75.

THE WINNING HAZARD. By *Allen Chaffee*. Century. $1.75.

THE LOST KING. By *Helen Coale Crew*. Century. $1.75.

WORKING WITH ELECTRICITY. By *Katherine Keelor*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE JOYOUS AZTECS. By *J. G. Francis*. Century. $1.50.

DRAKE'S LAD. By *Rupert Sargent Holland*. Century. $1.75.

CHILDREN OF THE CLOUDS. By *Herschel Williams*. Nelson. $2.

THE CLASH OF THE CYMBALS. By *F. A. Mackenzie*. Brentanos. $2.

SOUND MOTION PICTURES. By *Harold B. Franklin*. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

Miscellaneous

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WHEEL AGE. By STANLEY BURNSHAW. Brooklyn: Folio Press. 1929. $1.50.

This is a not unclever, but essentially thin, protest against the mechanistic tendencies of modern civilization. It purports to be a brief history of the internationalized world from 2300 A.D. to 3300 A.D. On the first date the new calendar of the Wheel Age is established in celebration of the complete triumph of machine-made prosperity. The world is controlled by a body of Scientists under the nominal direction of Rulers who are concerned solely with the distribution of economic goods. Three hundred years later it is discovered that the efficiency of the working class is being undermined by their artificial life, and children are henceforth put out to graze until they are nineteen. The grazers, living next to nature, rediscover poetry and art, and overthrow the Wheel Age. By 3300 A.D. mankind has happily returned to a pastoral existence. That's all. There isn't any more. A good idea for a magazine article—but why a book?

THE CHOICE OF AN OCCUPATION. Published in the interest of students at Yale University by the Department of Personnel Study.

WRITE TO RIGHT. By *Ambrose Bierce*. Neale. $1.50.

ADVENTURE OF A LIBRARIAN. By *Harlan H. Ballard*. Neale. $2.

TRIUMPHS OF DETECTION. By *George Dilnot*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

UNIFORMS OF THE WORLD. By *Fred Gilbert Blakeslee*. Dutton. $6.

AGELESS YOUTH. By *Charlotte C. West*. Crowell. $5.

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN. By *K. A. Wieth-Knudsen*. Elliot Holt. $3.

THE THEORIES OF CLAUDE DÉBUSSY. By *Léon Vallas*. Translated by *Marie O'Brien*. Oxford University Press.

HOW WE LIVED THEN. By *Mrs. C. S. Peel*. Dodd, Mead. $4.

A GUIDE TO THE BEST HISTORICAL NOVELS AND TALES. By *Jonathan Nield*. Macmillan. $9.

ELECTRICAL UTILITIES. By *William E. Mosher*. Harpers. $4.

THE LISTENER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC. By *Percy A. Scholes*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $2.50.

SLINGS AND ARROWS. By *David Lloyd George*. Harpers. $3.50.

THE TRIAL OF NORMAN THORNE. By *Helena Normanton*. London: Bles.

YOUR NOSE, THROAT, AND EARS. By *L. W. Oaks* and *H. G. Merrill*. Appleton. $1.50.

Philosophy

A MODERN THEORY OF ETHICS: A Study of the Relation of Ethics and Psychology. By W. OLAF STAPLEDON. Dutton. 1929.

Ethics is in a precarious condition. Without the distinction of good and bad, of right and wrong, the world of behavior would topple about our ears; and yet the survey lines of the debatable country are in dispute. Theory and practice go through their steps and no one seems to know which is guiding which. The prim if stately measures of old are gone. There was no question then of the source or nature of the ethical code. Decalogues were in flower. In turn the old order came to be variously questioned, when the world war ripped up the entire social fabric and made radical doubt commonplace. Since then people have been rocking the boat of morals for the thrill of experience; and the day of reckoning is not yet. This overture is well indicated by Dr. Stapledon in a thoughtful introduction.

But he is interested mainly in the theoretical validation of the ethical ends, however rough-hewed in the give and take of a compromising world. So his study is an academic one of the formulation of "good" and "bad" as consistent concepts, conducted, however, in the modern manner, as behavior is considered in its psychological sources. It will take a specialized interest to follow him there, as the concept of biological fulfilment emerges into that of ideal satisfaction. The contribution is significant and scholarly. Strangely enough, it does not even mention Professor Giveler's "Ethics of Hercules," which is an important American attempt to interpret ethical values in biological terms, as well as a review of the shift in meaning of the concepts through the changing centuries. Since misbehavior has become a popular topic of discussion, a reflective review of ethical foundations seems a logical requirement. On the other hand, few persons are so incorrigibly logical that they feel uneasy when their practices and their theories—if any—are not on speaking terms.

Poetry

THOUGHTS TO GRACIA. By *William Salisbury*. New Rochelle: Independent Publishing Co.

THE RIVER OF MUSIC. By *Arthur Orison Dillon*. Pomona, Calif.: Progress Bulletin Publishing Co.

LYONNESSE. By *Gladys Bagg Taber*. Atlanta: Bogart Press. $1.75.

DIPPED IN ALOES. By *Benjamin Musser*. Atlanta: Bozart Press. $1.25.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Cape-Smith. 2 vols. $5.

COLLECTED POEMS. By *W. H. Davies*. Cape-Smith.

SUPPLICATION OF THE BLACK ABERDEEN. By *Rudyard Kipling*. Doubleday, Doran.

THE SINGING SWORD. By *G. Laurence Groom*. Harpers. $2.

SOME SPANISH AMERICAN PORTS. Translated by *Alice Stone Blackwell*. Appleton. $3.

VICTORY AND OTHER POEMS. By *James Gabelle*. Parnassus. $2.

TIME'S PROFILE. By *Hildegarde Flanner*. Macmillan. $2.

PARNASSUS EN ROUTE. Complied by *Kenneth Horan*. Macmillan. 50 cents.

POEMS OF EVA GORE BOOTH. Longmans, Green. $3.40.

THE POEMS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Edited by *Agnes M. C. Latham*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. By *Thomas Gray*. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

Pep. By *Lion Feuchtwanger*. Viking Press. $2.

BLUE JUNIATA. By *Malcolm Cowley*. Cape-Smith. $2.

FIRST THE BLADE. Vol. II. Redlands, Calif. Citograph Printing Co.

SONNETS OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN. By *Washington Van Dusen*, 1401 Arch St., Philadelphia.

DRIVEN. By *Leroy McLeod*. Covici-Friede.

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The Westgate Editions

THE first volume in the above series is at hand—Lewis Mumford's "American Taste." It is a large, thin octavo, bound in red paper boards with cloth back, and with a decorative treatment in black and gold. The type composition, by the Grabhorn Brothers, is in Goudy Modern, widely leaded. The decorative treatment of the title-page does not seem especially happy, and what its significance is I do not know; also the initial I is a little *too* symbolic of American taste, perhaps! But it is needless to say that the workmanship of the book is first-class.

Mr. Oscar Lewis, of the Westgate Press, in a letter to the present writer makes a few pertinent comments on his new series. "When Robert Grabhorn and myself planned this little series we had no idea so many others were about to enter the field. However, we have had as yet no indication that the flood of new presses is about to glut the market. . . . We believe the situation will right itself in due course. Those who have nothing to offer will be forced to withdraw, leaving the others to fight it out as best they can." Short of some kind of censorship (and all censorships are stupid and absurd), there is no other way. Mr. Lewis states that projected titles in this series are: "Nearer the Grass Roots," by Sherwood Anderson; "Marriage Today and Tomorrow," by Havelock Ellis; "Winter Wheat," by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "The Gargoyle," by Frank Swinnerton; "An Irritating Archangel," by Thomas Beer; and "Street Haunting," by Virginia Woolf. All copies will be signed by the writers, and will sell for $7.50. I assume that the printing will be by the Grabhorns. The signature business seems to me rather unnecessary, but otherwise the series is worthy of support—*pace* my exasperated colleague in this column!

There is little need for me to comment on the present essay; those who have read Mr. Mumford's stirring and straightforward arraignment of modern taste will agree with him, while the "rest may reason and wonder." What is true of architecture and decoration is equally true of printing. Eclecticism has run away with printing as it has with all other manifestations of man's work. It was admirable for Bruce Rogers to do the things which he did so supremely well in the Riverside Press editions, but that time has gone by. What is to do to-day is to evolve a kind of printing consonant with the days that are now here. The Germans are doing it admirably; what we do is to once more *copy* someone else's style. I confess I don't know how to go about producing modern printing, but I fail to see any real evidence of any attempt to do so in America. The first fruits of the Westgate series is only partially hopeful: the type is truly our own, but the decorations, while not offensive, are none too promising. Perhaps the best we can do is to welcome such good craftsmanship, and hope that from such admirable workmen as the Grabhorns may in due time come the really modern note.

R.

IN order to call attention to the fact of their removal from Cork Street to "larger premises" at 33, Conduit Street (London, W.1), Elkin Mathews, Ltd., have sent out a special pamphlet, emphasizing the variety and extent of their departments, and pointing out the value to be derived by all collectors from expert judgment and advice. Several personal letters to Mr. A. W. Evans, the senior partner of the firm, from such writers as Walter de la Mare, John Galsworthy, T. J. Wise, and Michael Sadleir, have been included, and help greatly to give atmosphere to the entire production.

Mr. George Dudley Seymour's "William F. Hopson and His Bookplates" has lately been reprinted from the 1928 Year Book of the American Society of Bookplate Collectors and Designers as a separate pamphlet. It is an exceedingly kindly and generous essay, done in the author's most charming manner, with so many digressions about other Connecticut engravers, that the whole becomes practically a brief history of engraving for the entire state. It is seldom possible to find so much really valuable information presented in so interesting a fashion. At the conclusion, there is added a complete list to date of all Mr. Hopson's designs for bookplates.

The C. W. Panter collection of Goldsmith & Swift sold during the past month at Sotheby's brought as a whole £13,660. A fine copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, first edition, with the catchword on page 39, volume 2, misprinted "was" for "him," sold for £1,470—originally bought in Holland for a nominal sum by a clergyman on a vacation, it was later sold to Mr. Percy Dobell, who in turn sold it to Mr. Panter for £170. "The Bee," 1759, brought £95; "The Mystery Revealed," 1762, £105; "The Memoirs of a Protestant," 1758, a fine copy, £100; "The Deserted Village," 1770, with the imprint of W. Griffin, £640; another edition, also dated 1770, and with the Griffin imprint, a line-for-line reprint of the first edition, but in a different type, £135; "Retaliation," 1774, an early issue of the first edition, with all the errata uncorrected except the first, £420; an autograph letter of one page quarto to Mrs. Thrale, concerning some books, £1,300. A fine copy of the first issue of "Gulliver's Travels," with the misprints "conspiricies" and "turbulancy," brought £1,800. A large paper copy of the same book, with the portrait in the first state, but with some of the plates missing, sold for £580. Swift's own set of "Miscellanies, 1727-1732," by himself and others, with notes and corrections in his autograph throughout three of the volumes, £500; "The Tale of a Tub," 1704, with the blank leaf, £40; "A Famous Prediction of Merlin," 1709, £90; and several autograph letters, one of which brought £145.

G. M. T.

Poems of Thomas Randolph

IN Mr. Thorn-Drury's Introduction to a new edition of the poems of Thomas Randolph (1605-1635) the reason for this reprint is given: "It may still be claimed for Randolph that . . . he left behind him a reputation more considerable than that of any other writer of his period." The present edition contains his "Commendatory Poems," poems from the editions of 1638 and 1640, poems by or attributed to him not included in the 1640 edition, an Introduction, notes, and an Index of first lines.

The book has been printed by Richard Clay & Sons, in Caslon type, as a quarto on pleasant laid paper. There are four hundred numbered copies, forty of which are on Saunders paper. Composition and presswork are both excellent. The American distributors are Random House.

"ONE of the most astonishing prices in Sotheby's concluding book sale of the season," says the *London Times Literary Supplement*, "was the £430 paid by Mr. Scheuer, an American dealer, for a copy of the first edition of Charles Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' 1861, in four volumes in the original cloth. Sir Walter Besant described it as 'the greatest historical novel in the language,' and other discerning critics, among them Swinburne and 'Q,' have written enthusiastically of it; but even its merits do not explain the high price paid for a copy of the first edition last month. It is not even very rare, and most of the London booksellers would have been glad to get a five-pound note for a copy within recent years, and it may be questioned if it is the scarcest of Charles Reade's novels.

"It is interesting to note that there was no market quotation for the book until twenty years ago. The first copy recorded in 'Book Prices Current' was one sold at Puttick and Simpson's in January, 1909, for the modest sum of £1 15s, and the next is Mr. G. E. Cower's, which scored a notable advance to £6 5s. in October, 1912. But in November, 1916, the author's presentation copy to his mother fetched only £3 7s. 6d. at Hodgson's, a price which was very much

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bettered in February, 1920, when a similar copy inscribed 'To my good friend Mr. Day' brought £22. The copy sold last week had no such extremely interesting 'association' value. It was the above-mentioned Cower copy which fetched $1,750 (£350) at the Jerome Kern sale in New York in January, 1929, and set booksellers in England and elsewhere rummaging among their dead stock and advertising in the trade journals for other copies. Only a few months previously a New York bookseller, Mr. Ernest D. North, had catalogued and priced a fine copy at $350 (£70). It is fairly certain that Charles Reade was among the authors whose first editions were collected in the United States long before English collectors took him up; for most of the numerous autograph manuscripts of his works sold at Sotheby's in March, 1905, were bought by American agents or for American collectors. On that occasion two portions of the original manuscript of 'The Cloister and the Hearth' went to B. F. Stevens for £24, the same buyer gave £24 10s. for the major portion of the autograph manuscript of 'Put Yourself in His Place,' whilst Quaritch paid £33 for the manuscript of 'Love Me Little, Love Me Long,' £17 for that of 'The Woman Hater,' and £95 for that of 'Hard Cash,' with the agreement signed by Charles Dickens and W. H. Wills relative to the work appearing in *All the Year Round*. That Charles Reade first editions have been collected for some years is evidenced by the fact that such collections have come into the market from time to time—one such set in thirty volumes brought £10 in 1917, and another, claimed to be completed in fifty-six volumes, reached $610 (£122) at Anderson's rooms in New York in February, 1926.

"There were many other interesting lots in this sale, which extended over five days (July 29-August 2) and brought a total of £16,622. One lot comprised forty-four octavo and five quarto volumes all containing the signature of William Cowper, the poet, and dated 1797, with his bookplate in most of them and his crest stamped in gilt on the back. These books were bequeathed to the Rev. Dr. John Johnson, of Yaxham, Norfolk (Johnny of Norfolk), the poet's kinsman and biographer, with whose descendants they have remained until recently. Some were given to Cowper by Samuel Rose (1767-1804), Blake's counsel at his trial, a well-known lawyer, whose portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence and whose daughter married Dr. Charles Burney, the Greek scholar. The books varied from Miller's 'Gardener's Dictionary,' 1763, to Dryden's 'Miscellany Poems' in six volumes, 1716, and W. Hayley's 'Poems and Plays' in six volumes, and, sold as a collection of association books 'not subject to return,' brought £310."

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. By H. V. MARROT. London: Elkin Mathews. 1928.

IT is one of the outstanding facts of the past year that the books of John Galsworthy, after a long period of polite disregard on the part of collectors, have suddenly become sought after, and, as a result, expensive. His plays, although they have been brought out pitifully in book form, have never seemed to attract attention, no matter how great their popular success on the stage may have been, and his essays and poems remain, for the most part, in comparative obscurity. And yet, collectors who have had the wisdom to buy his works as they have appeared, at present find themselves in the enviable position of owning something that is in demand—it is impossible to estimate how long this will continue, but as long as the "Forsyte Saga" is generally considered one of the great contemporary books, and no one objects seriously to Mr. Galsworthy's enthusiasm for exclamation points and slightly sentimental descriptions of scenery, there can be no question of its permanence. To what extent the value of the pamphlets and the separate issues of the plays will be offered, it will be most interesting to discover—certainly, up to the present, they have never gone beyond the original published price.

Mr. H. V. Marrot's bibliography, appearing as it does so close to the commencement of general interest in Mr. Galsworthy, provides at once an invaluable aid to collectors and dealers the importance of which they will recognize without effort. It is an excellent piece of work, careful, detailed, intelligently planned, and inclusive enough to satisfy everyone, even the persons who wish to include periodicals in their collections. There are two main divisions: the first contains the novels and collections of short stories, the plays, the poems, the essays and pamphlets, and the collected editions of works in various forms; the second consists of lists of books and periodicals, English, American, Colonial, and Continental, that have original work by Mr. Galsworthy, or criticisms of him, and at the end, an iconography. Throughout the book, the English editions are given first, while the others are listed in separate divisions. "Bibliographies," Mr. Marrot remarks in his preface, "are . . . produced with a frankly practised aim. They attempt to serve, with perfect accuracy, and with perfect completeness short of superfluity, one or both of two classes: the collector and the student. Most bibliographers cater for the collector, a few for the student; it is more rarely that they aim, as I have done, at being of use to both. In the present instance I have hoped in this way to form, so far as may be, a tolerably complete conspectus of the whole of Mr. Galsworthy's work." That Mr. Marrot has not only succeeded admirably in carrying out his intention, but has also produced a book of which both he and Mr. Galsworthy may, with perfect justice, be proud is quite self-evident: his work becomes at once a model to be placed before the eyes of the bibliographers of the future. G. M. T.

Duke University has recently purchased the library of more than three thousand volumes collected by the late Frances Perez de Velosco, of Lima, Peru, who spent twenty years in forming it. While the greater part of the books are naturally in Spanish, many French and Latin volumes have been included, as well as old newspapers, Government documents, pamphlets, and manuscripts. This library will be of the greatest value to students of Latin-American history. G. M. T.

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The open season for hat-doffing has arrived and this time *The Inner Sanctum* salutes its neighbors—HARCOURT BRACE AND COMPANY—for taking undisputed possession of first place in the friendly race for best-seller honors.

The Outlook has just completed a recapitulation of its bookstore reports of the best-seller rankings for the first half of 1929. Grouping the listings by the various publishers, the leaders follow:

Publishers	*Number of Mentions*
HARCOURT BRACE	40
SIMON AND SCHUSTER	39
DOUBLEDAY DORAN	37
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN	20
VIKING PRESS	19
HARPER	16
LIVERIGHT	14
MACMILLAN	11
KNOPF	10
LITTLE BROWN	10

This referendum is unusually comprehensive for it Harcourt-embraces telegraphic reports from such representative booksellers as Brentano's, New York . . . Old Corner Bookstore, Boston . . . Korner and Wood, Cleveland . . . Kroch's International Bookstore, Chicago . . . and others of equal standing from coast to coast.

Two new *Inner Sanctum* books have just appeared: *Little Novels* by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER and *Love Story* by THELMA WOODHILL. Further details and the books themselves will be supplied by your own bookseller or, if you are so unfortunate as to have no such alliance, by

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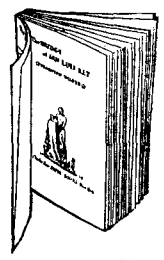

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MELODRAMA seems suddenly to have entered our office. As we opened its door the other day we were confronted by a gleaming dagger laid upon the desk. Attached to the dagger was a red-lettered tag, and the words upon the tag read, "*Remember* Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge." Picking up the dagger gingerly, lest we cut ourself, we discovered the whole device to be of rubber. With this rubber dagger we intend to stab all intruders into our sanctum at inconvenient times. . . .

The other melodrama device was upon the jacket of a new book, in a picture,—a colored picture of a serious-faced young man drawing back the left-hand lapel of his coat to display a glittering badge. And then we realized who belonged to that serious face and fell upon the book with a shout of joy. It was Penrod, Penrod in a new incarnation after an absence of thirteen years, "Penrod Jashber," to be exact, the great and "notted" detective. . . .

Booth Tarkington's hand has lost none of its cunning in transcribing the conversations of Penrod and further excerpts from Penrod's own romance of the by now equally famous Harold Ramorez. The Indiana novelist's ability to portray the small boy in the round and to enter into his day-dream-world is extraordinary. Penrod is and will remain a worthy successor to Tom Sawyer and one of his creator's most permanent achievements, though the characters in "Seventeen," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "Ramsey Milholland," and "Alice Adams" also have their claims to enduring fame. . . .

Of course those far earlier romances, mannered, costumed, highly theatrical, "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "The Two Van Revels," will continue as guilty favorites of ours. They moved us in our youth to many a sentimental sigh. Also we remember deeply enjoying "The Conquest of Canaan," though we never read what we believe is a far better book, "The Gentleman from Indiana." But Tarkington's immortality in American letters, whatever it is to be, will, we think, reside in his many portraits of young people, in his small boys and fledgling youths, his little girls and their older sisters. There is a touch of genius in his intimacy with all their moods and tenses. . . .

We understand that the first publication of the new firm of Farrar and Rinehart will appear this week. It is a novel "Singermann," by *Myron Brinig*, reviewed in this issue of the *Review* upon another page. . . .

And another bit of news is that the Literary Guild's choice for November is said to be a novel by *Oliver La Farge*, grandson of the noted American painter, John La Farge. It is a tale of the Navajo Indians, "The Laughing Boy," published by Houghton Mifflin. Ere this young Mr. La Farge has contributed short stories of the Navajos to the *Dial* recently deceased. . . .

The Argonaut in San Francisco, an ancient and excellent weekly now in its fifty-third year, seemed to us when we used to live in California about twenty years ago, the most individual publication on the Coast. It has just announced that hereafter *Joseph Henry Jackson*, formerly editor of *Sunset Magazine*, will edit its book department. Pacific Coast readers have long listened to Jackson's broadcasting of his Readers' Guide over the radio, which service he will continue. . . .

Speaking of California, Los Gatos is the home of several American writers of distinction. First and foremost, on a high hillside, live *Sara Bard Field* and *Charles Erskine Scott Wood*, the former a reckonable poet, the latter also a poet and ironist of considerable stature. *Ruth Comfort Mitchell*, the poet and short story writer, also has a charming house like a chinese padoga perched above the town. *George Creel* lives not far off cherishing his own vine and fig-tree, and the ranch of *Kathleen* and *Charles Gilman Norris* is not so distant at Saratoga. The Santa Clara Valley supplies thus numerous typewriters that in their turn supply editors and publishers with stories, poems, articles, and books. . . .

And speaking of *George Creel* reminds us of a story we once heard him tell of the time when he decided to go a-whaling. The smell of the whale, it seems, is extremely penetrating and perduring. By the time George left that ship he was thoroughly saturated and satiated with whale. But the incident which he recounted in the most lively manner was a deep sea romancer on the craft who began to fill him up with the most preposterous yarns concerning whales. Of these George finally tired, and, to "get a little of his own back," proceeded to relate to the squarehead a story of the shark he kept in the back yard of his house in New York. His imagination keeping pace with his energetic utterance George allowed as how the shark moved about on rollers and would come and mew at the back-door for his supper. After this George's former persecutor followed him all over the ship trying to make him admit that what he had told him was not true. But all the response he won from George was "Go on along, go on along! If I only had (and the name of the shark we have now completely forgotten!) here I'd sic him on you!". . . .

John Masefield continues indefatigably to publish, although it is several years now since a new book of his really impressed us. It would seem that he has written all the poetry for which posterity will thank him. A recent announcement from Macmillan says that during this fall they will bring out a new novel of his under the title of "The Hawbucks," but this is apparently a light story of rural England and English squires and sports. . . .

Of course, one cannot think of Masefield without thinking of *Chaucer* and of "The Parliament of Fowls," which was one of the poems to which the later poet owed a stimulus toward the production of poetry on his own account. *Frank Ernest Hill*, who is now Trade Editor of Longmans, a poet in his own right and the collaborator with *Joseph Auslander* upon "The Wingéd Horse," and "The Wingéd Horse Anthology," has completed a translation of twelve selected tales and poems from Chaucer, done into modern English verse. We do not doubt that he has accomplished a good job, as he is distinctly a writer of ability. . . .

Stephen Vincent Benét, author of "John Brown's Body" is now in America again, with his wife, two small children, a French maid, and a lot of luggage, for all of which he is seeking a home. At the moment we believe he has not settled upon either Long Island, Connecticut, Brooklyn, Westchester, or this our city of high rents, though he has been looking at various real estate. But the prospect does not seem to bother him. He told of flying recently from Paris to London and being very pleased at the sight of people reading placidly, or napping, high above the nice little colored map of the actual earth. His two small children, Nini and Tommy, converse entirely in French, which their mother, who was Rosemary Carr of Chicago, speaks fluently and beautifully. . . .

This month (September) the Book League of America has chosen *Helen Beauclerk's* "The Love of the Foolish Angel" for distribution. It was the choice for April of the new British Book Society in London. We are glad that it will have a wide distribution among American readers as we enjoyed thoroughly the reading of it. Six years of journalism, which Miss Beauclerk states "is an ideal job for a woman," did no harm, though we cannot think it accounts for, the lucid and highly imaginative manner in which this author writes. Her former work was "The Green Lacquer Pavilion," and each book, she relates, took her two years to finish, during which time she hardly read any books except ones on the period in which she was delving. . . .

A. & C. Boni now announce *Thornton Wilder's* new novel, "The Woman of Andros." The suggestion for her character is to be found in a famous comedy by *Terence*. We don't at the moment know the date of publication, but a new book by *Wilder* is a genuine literary event. . . .

And lo and behold, we see that a new book of poems by *Anna Hempstead Branch* is at last forthcoming. Houghton Mifflin is the fortunate publisher. As we glance through it we note one poem which appeared some time ago in some magazine, "In the Beginning was the Word." For that powerful effort alone the book would be notable. . . .

And now to hie us home, where we shall continue our labors over Labor Day!

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Points of View

"Hunky"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Permit me, in the interests of fair play, to reply to a recent review of my novel "Hunky," as it appeared in your columns under the name of "W. R. Burnett."

Mr. Burnett informs the world that "Hunky" is spoiled by several things, including an "imperfect knowledge of the life written about." He chides me for not being sure of my facts.

One of my "errors" lies in the statement that my hero once worked for six dollars a week, etc., whereas your reviewer's investigations show no such low wage, even for a baker's assistant. I can only say that I hold a Master of Arts degree in Economics from Harvard University, that I taught economics for three years, that I published several successful textbooks on the subject, that I have been personally, not bookishly, familiar with wage scales over a period of twenty years, and that I myself once worked in a bakery for the very wage attributed to Jencic. The economies scoffed at by your sophomoric reviewer were achieved by Hunky's author, in more than one trade, and not so many years ago at that.

In addition to challenging my economics —out of God knows what background— Mr. Burnett scolds me for a "wrong" use of the word "wop." As to this I can only say that I spoke eight languages at the time of my graduation from college, that I once served as an interpreter of Italian in the Chicago courts, that I have published magazine articles in several foreign languages, that I have been an amateur student of philology for fifteen years, that I have been in intimate touch with American slang and dialects all my life, and that I personally have many times heard the word "wop" used—as it is used in "Hunky"—as a general term of derogation, its proper meaning notwithstanding. Furthermore, it is not the author who so uses the word, it is a character! Why doesn't your clever reviewer denounce *me* as illiterate because *my hero* cannot read?

Aside from these two gems of criticism Mr. Burnett's review of my novel consists of a eulogy of Frank Norris, a number of vague but emphatic strictures upon my literary aims, powers, and weaknesses, and the information that "Hunky" is just another book, and does not ring true. It may be that my novel is just another book, but since the preponderance of critical opinion has thus far confirmed my own profound conviction that the story is authentic and very real and solid, I presume that the more intelligent of your readers will not discredit it until after its defects have been explained by a more mature and sensible tongue than Mr. Burnett's.

THAMES WILLIAMSON.
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

"A Good Hate"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

My attention was called to an interesting review by Norah Meade, of Mr. Horace Kallen's "Frontiers of Hope" in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for August 10, 1929. I say "interesting" advisedly, for it reads like a fairy tale.

The reviewer says, among other things, that the book is a "fascinating, provocative bit of work that has the quality of an intricate Oriental embroidery, so intricate and closely woven that often it is hard to remember there is plain cloth underneath . . . But, though he often leaves us guessing as to what he really thinks about his own people's behavior and ultimate fate in their different habitats, he leaves us quite clear, when he indulges in a good 'hate'."

Now, we generally like "Oriental embroidery" and admire it on the walls of a museum. We may also admire the imaginative writer who weaves and embroiders his yarn into a book, provided this work of art does not claim to be anything else.

John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart, heads of the new publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart, one of whose first publications, "Singermann," is reviewed on another page of this issue.

But the review under discussion bears the caption "The Future of Israel" and one is given to understand that there is really something to look forward to. How disappointing. The author, we are told, "leaves us guessing as to what he really thinks about his own people's behavior," etc., but we are assured "he leaves us quite clear when he indulges in a good 'hate'."

And so we are prepared not to look for the "Future of Israel" but for a "good hate." Here it comes. This "Oriental embroidery" is twined around the British protectorate in Palestine partly, but mostly around Poland. The author, Horace Kallen, does not think much (to put it mildly) of the Polish "pan" (nobleman) and as to Poland itself, "he leaves us quite clear. . . ."

As documentary evidence, the reviewer quotes the author directly on the situation of the Jews in Poland, thus:

"They worked in a living network of mutual dependencies—dependencies of credit in buying and selling, dependencies for raw material, dependencies for markets. This network the war destroyed."

Of course, the world war destroyed this network and many more networks besides. But that's no reason to "indulge in a good 'hate' " with respect to Poland. Even those Polish "pans" (noblemen) find the situation different after the war—not altogether to their liking.

There is "plain cloth underneath," although it is difficult to see it because of the author's close weaving and the reviewer's intricate embroidery. No one will deny that the war had destroyed all kinds of networks. Those that ply their trades as well as those that till their soil, not excluding the Polish peasants, know it. Even the American World War veterans had found that out upon their return from over there. Poland has not been singled out by fate as one of those least to suffer and the Jews of Poland suffered with the rest of the country. But Poland is making rapid strides in her economic recovery as well as in the reorganization of her politico-sociological structure, and with that recovery, all impartial observers note, has come the improvement of the conditions of the Polish Jews. A variety of forces—political, economic, educational, social—are weaving together the West side and the East side of Poland into a fabric that, although lacking perhaps in "Oriental embroidery," will become a useful and durable sail cloth after the manner of the West.

STEPHEN P. MIZWA
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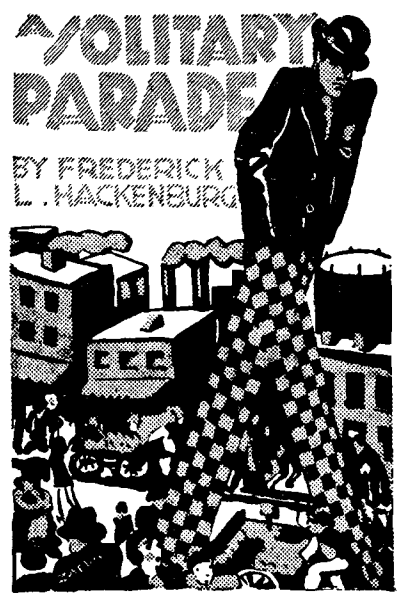

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Ludwig von Beethoven burst upon his century with all the unexpectedness of a meteor from another world. Strange, incomprehensible, he descended upon the polite court life of his day—a composer who could flout the princes and nobility whose patronage was the bread of life to lesser men—saying to Prince Lichnowsky, "There are and there will be thousand of princes. There is only one Beethoven." His teachers admitted that he owed them nothing; contemporary musicians accused him of heresy and judged his compositions as stemming from the Devil.

Deaf, he charmed the ear of man

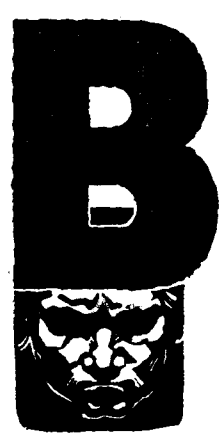
Cut off from the world of sound by increasing deafness, Beethoven heard the majestic beauty of his music in his mind, set the notes down upon his paper, and presented mankind with the endless delight of his symphonies—symphonies which remain as the foundation for all great orchestral programs today.

He deposed the Gods of Music

Haydn and Mozart and Handel found their pedestals crumbling, their magnificence dimmed as Beethoven cast his titanic shadow across the world. Their tinkling melodies went thin as a pen surging with vitality deserted prettiness for passion and gave to music the breath of life.

The Man in his Music

"My plan," says Mr. Rolland, "was to limit myself to the exploration of the great epochs in his creation, to those mighty crises of his being in which he seems to be perishing and then renews himself." And so here is Beethoven, The Creator,—the man as seen through his work and his work as seen through the man—a man of tremendous stature who gave his soul to music that the world might find delight. Here is the story of genius, from the pen of genius. Beethoven, The Creator, by Romain Rolland—a titan of his day revivified by a titan of ours. From a lifetime of study, from the depths of an enduring love, the author of *Jean Christophe* presents here a volume which no lover of music, no lover of literature, no one interested in the better things of life can afford to be without.



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THE CREATOR
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